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WITH SUPPLEMENT: THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF THE WOODS | SIXPENCE.

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Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.

Mr. Lyttelton.



"GRAVE DISORDER" IN PARLIAMENT, MAY 22: THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OVER THE QUESTION OF COLONIAL PREFERENCE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman moved the adjournment of the House on the ground that the statement of the Prime Minister as to the freedom of the coming Colonial Conference to discuss Colonial Preference was inconsistent with Mr. Balfour's former utterances. Mr. Lyttelton, rising to reply, was refused a hearing, and wild uproar ensued. At the end of an hour, the Deputy Speaker suspended the sitting on account of "grave disorder."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

In these days we are all for a natural and human Hamlet on the stage. Mr. Martin Harvey, the new Hamlet, is natural and human; and the Ghost at the Lyric, Mr. Stephen Phillips, yearns for his share of nature and humanity. Mr. Phillips thinks the Ghost should be so human, indeed, as to forget that he is a ghost at all until he scents the morning air and is reminded of his ghostly duties. "I seem to see him almost fancying that he is warm, yearning, flesh and blood once more, as he speaks to his son." The effect of this conception on Mr. Phillips is that he appears to restrain himself with difficulty from greeting Hamlet as "My dear boy." Now, Shakspeare, unfortunately, had quite a different idea. So far from forgetting that he is the Ghost, this apparition gives a sufficiently painful account of his state in the other world, and appeals Hamlet by hints at horrors that would freeze his young blood, could they be disclosed to him. As it is, he is quite overcome by the recital; whereas if the Ghost is to treat his own story lightly, as who should say, "Never mind, dear boy: Shakspeare has exaggerated all this," there seems no reason why Hamlet should be so dreadfully upset.

Mr. Phillips, I take it, wants to "humanise" his Ghost so as to commend it to playgoers who don't believe in ghosts. This is like telling us that an actor ought to speak blank verse so as to make it seem like plain every-day prose to people who don't believe that anybody ever talked blank verse. Mr. Phillips, as a poet, might have been expected to understand that in these things the appeal is made not to the reason but to the imagination. Any playgoer who cannot enter into the illusion of the supernatural in "Hamlet" is beyond the magic of the dramatist: he will certainly not be drawn into it by a ghost who makes believe to be no ghost. What is the use of Hamlet's adjuring his father to rest, perturbed spirit, in accents of heartfelt entreaty, if the Ghost murmurs "Swear" in a short and testy tone, as of one who says: "I'm not in the cellage at all, you know. I'm standing in the wings, and I wish these fellows would get their swearing done, and that my boy Hamlet would not make such a fuss about it"? At the Lyric the Ghost is not visible in the Queen's chamber; you see him only in Hamlet's dilating eye; and this novel effect rather enhances the weirdness of the scene for any imaginative spectator. But it may also justify Mr. Phillips, for a Ghost with his principles should be reluctant to appear. Why walk the battlements at Elsinore when he has to wear a limelight and other spectral appurtenances? In some future production of "Hamlet," I daresay the Ghost's speeches will be uttered by a gramophone behind the scenes, to indicate the reconciliation of science and the supernatural.

There are no ghosts in the House of Commons, strange to say; but several members have seen there a projection of Sir Carne Rasch, when that gentleman happened to be confined to his bed. The Theosophist explanation is that Sir Carne Rasch, a slave of public duty, wished himself back in his place, and wished so hard that his yearning actually materialised and sat in the House. Perhaps it voted, and the officials, perplexed by this phenomenon, are unwilling to talk about it. The only wonder is that the image of the absent did not rise and address the Chair. "Mr. Deputy-Speaker," it might have said, "I am on a bed of sickness at this moment; but a happy conversion to Theosophy enables me to be in two places at once, like the famous bird you've heard of. Sir, I beg to move the adjournment of the House to discuss a matter of urgent public importance." Here the Deputy-Speaker, more accustomed to the queer apparitions of honourable members than Hamlet was to ghosts, would have politely interposed, "I see several objections to this course. For instance, the honourable member has admitted that he is not present. If he is on a bed of sickness he cannot move the adjournment."

Now you can easily believe that Sir Carne Rasch's projected personality, representing his hobby and not his Parliamentary caution, would not be put down by this mere official platitude. "Sir," it would say, "when my constituents elected me, they elected my astral body too. To exclude that from the service of this House would be, I submit, most unconstitutional. The matter of urgent public importance is the excessive length of speeches in our debates. They are long, they are growing longer, and they ought to be shortened." Here the Deputy-Speaker would firmly decline to listen to any astral body, and the Irish members would burst cheerfully into the dispute with cries of "Coercion!" After a prolonged discussion, it would be decided to appoint a Committee of Inquiry into the status of Sir Carne Rasch's second self, whose relation to Parliamentary

institutions was even more peculiar than that of John Chilcote's "double." Sir Carne Rasch, summoned as the first witness, would probably repudiate all responsibility for the conduct of his astral body; but Mr. Stephen Phillips, whom the Committee would be anxious to hear, would gladly testify that astral bodies which behaved in a natural and human way ought to be warmly encouraged.

The ghost of John Nash ought to haunt the Quadrant, and make the hair of certain building contractors stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Regent Street has fallen sadly out of Nash's architectural grace, although there are people who cavil at that. The curve of the Quadrant was an admirable idea. But, stucco? Can any curve, however graceful, atone for stucco? It is defended now solely on the ground that it is historical, and should be revered like any other ancient monument. Why should we treat old plaster as a holy of holies on account of its age? I would cheerfully lay an impious hand on the front of Buckingham Palace, and reface it with Portland stone. Then it might look like a palace, and not (as I have heard rude foreigners say) like an almshouse for decayed chimney-sweeps. Now that the Mall has expanded into a noble avenue, the sooty commonplace of the great pile at the head of it has a new and dismal emphasis. It might be cheered a little if some fairy wand would decorate the windows with curtains and tasteful blinds. But the whole façade has a barren and neglected air, contrasting grimly with the new gates and pillars, whereon the lions and unicorns look abashed and apologetic.

The grumblers at all public improvements tell you that the Mall is so bare; and when you urge that a generation hence it will be flanked by magnificent trees, they turn on you as a pestilent fellow who sees with the eye of posterity. The new path, wider than a carriage road, from Constitution Hill to Piccadilly, has incensed them greatly. "The Green Park is ruined!" is the cry. Well, the path looks a trifle crude at present; but when those young trees grow up, it will be delightful. "When they grow up!" echoes the grumbler. "That will take twenty years; and where shall you and I be then? Not taking the air in that leafy avenue of yours!" he adds bitterly, as if anything that may come to gracious life after his demise were a personal insult in advance. It pleases me, on the contrary, to think that another generation may find more to please the eye in London than we, who are just emerging from the bondage of Nash's stucco. There will be more trees in that coming time; perhaps a boulevard in the Strand, which needs the sight of green. That green, I know, is always in John Burns's eye, an eye which is emphatically of posterity in these embellishments of London. We stood near the lower end of Regent Street the other afternoon, and he waved his hand in the direction of the Duke of York's Column. "I wouldn't move that," he said with contemptuous tolerance; "but I'd like to make this street dip on either side of it in a gentle declivity, and give us a better view of the trees in St. James's Park!" And his eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, had a prophetic gleam.

Mr. Burns is a man of imagination, and he always has in his mind's eye the city beautiful. I cannot believe that he is in sympathy with his colleagues of the County Council, who have been exercising a choice of books for school prizes. From a statement by Sir William Collins I gather that such works as "Nelson and his Captains," "The Life of Queen Victoria," "The Story of Westminster Abbey," "Rob Roy," the "Essays of Elia," and the "Four Georges" are deemed "unsuitable" for boys of fourteen. Why an English lad ought not to read the glorious story of Nelson, I have not the least idea. I explain, men and hangels, and County Councillors! If Mr. Burns were conducting a party of scholars through Trafalgar Square, would he say: "Boys, there's the Nelson Column. Don't ask me what it means. It is quite unsuitable for your years!" Would he ignore Westminster Abbey, or would he take his little company into a quiet corner and read them a famous passage from Addison? My belief is that, to put it in the vernacular, he would be "nuts on Addison."

If school-prizes are not to stir the imagination of boyhood with the best of our literature, what is the good of them? Let Mr. Burns read to any assembly of prize-winners Macaulay's story of the relief of Derry, and I think the effect would surprise Sir William Collins. I was just fourteen when I read "Rob Roy," and all its glorious companions from the same wizard hand; and the memory is a stimulant to this hour. Elia is a little more complex, maybe; but, my good Sir William, a boy of fourteen is not fourteen all his life, and he may thank you for giving him Charles Lamb to grow up with.

MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA.

Madame Melba's return to Covent Garden last week proved conclusively enough how largely the personal element enters into the success of an opera. Despite the development of music since the nights when Verdi's supremacy was unchallenged, despite the growth of the music-drama that Wagner forced upon a public first indignant, then suspicious, and now enthusiastic, the love for pleasing melody finely sung dominates the most of us. Madame Melba sang the Violetta music, and the dry bones of "La Traviata" lived; the absurd opera lost its many ridiculous aspects. The great prima donna was at her best; she interpreted the well-remembered airs in manner that spread enthusiasm through the house. Aided by a new tenor, Signor Constantini, who acquitted himself with a grace that approached distinction, and by Signor Mancinelli, who conducted with notable fluency, Melba made the occasion of her reappearance a red-letter night in the annals of the present season. She sang as though a revelation of the melodic beauty that was for so long Verdi's chief claim to recognition, had come to her for the first time; it was hard to remember that she had triumphed in the same part through many seasons.

With Richter in the conductor's seat, Frau Wittich as Isolde, and Madame Kirkby Lunn as Brangane, the first performance of "Tristan" maintained the standard that the "Ring" Cycle had set. There were moments when the human voice seemed lost in the passionate exaltation of the music, as though Dr. Richter held that the emotion of the lovers had soared to heights beyond the reach of vocal expression; but they did no more than emphasise the passages in which the music waited upon the ill-fated pair as faithfully as Brangane upon Isolde. Very often the interpretation of the opera seemed to be perfect, to leave no sense unsatisfied, no hope unfulfilled. Ternina gave us one Isolde and Frau Wittich presents another, and each study shows, as it were, a fresh facet of the brilliant mind that gave the opera to the world.

Caruso and Destinn are with us once more, and grand opera approaches the zenith of its achievement.

CONCERTS.

Mischa Elman flattered his admirers at the Queen's Hall last week, and as he passed from one style of music to another without effort or hesitation, "the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew." Superlatives have a very legitimate ground for complaint; always hard-driven, they are allowed no rest at this season. And yet, without their aid, it is hard to do justice to young Elman's rendering of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," in which the mere technical difficulties seemed to have no existence and the very heart of the music was reached, expressed, and understood. Equally brilliant and convincing was his performance of the "Faust Fantasia" of Wieniawski, and unless one looked at the player it was hard to realise that music of such pure quality could be called to life by a child. His youthfulness was nowhere emphasised save in the almost feminine quality of certain passages and the occasional tendency to be over-anxious about his fingers. That Mischa Elman should have achieved so much in so short a life is another proof of the existence in heaven and on earth of more than our philosophy dreams about. There is a ripe quality in his playing that is to seek among the most of the children who have leapt to and from fame in the last few years.

Yet another prodigy has claimed attention in the past week. Miss Vivien Chartres, who made her appearance at the Queen's Hall, has reached the ripe age of nine years, and is a pupil of the wonder-working Sevcik. Her success was immediate and well-merited. It is, of course, founded upon technique and the natural feeling for what is best that seems to be the birthright of the true musician. Naturally enough, the soul of the player is yet unborn; the achievement is one of tone and phrasing, of correct thought, and well-trained fingers. Whether the hands that should be playing with dolls in the nursery are rightly occupied with the interpretation of Paganini's music is perhaps a matter for Miss Chartres' parents and guardians, but we confess to a very decided opinion in the matter.

Perhaps the unending insistence of prodigies gave a special interest to Herr Huberman's last recital at the Queen's Hall. For all the fine quality of his music, for all its wide range, the audience had the consciousness that the maturity of the playing was in no sense abnormal. The difference between the children and Huberman was such as exists between fruit that has been ripened out of season under glass and the fruit that has grown on an orchard's red-brick wall, gathering sweetness in response to fresh air and sunshine. There is nothing exotic about Huberman's playing, but there is much that is supremely, superlatively beautiful. In the Goldmark Concerto he reached rare heights and depths of expression, his handling of the music from the fifth Bach Sonata was masterly, and if his performance of the "Carmen Fantaisie," arranged by Sarasate, was little more than merely brilliant, the music itself may be held responsible.

Brief but appreciative mention must be made here of the piano and song recital given by Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr von Zur-Muehlen at the Bechstein Hall. In the music of Schumann and Brahms, Miss Zimmermann displayed a sense of beauty and a power of restraint that were wholly admirable, and nothing could have been finer than the singing of a Schumann spring cycle by Herr von Zur-Muehlen, who was hardly less successful in his rendering of some exquisite songs by Tschaiikowsky. Such a programme could well bear repetition.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

HENRY IRVING'S SHYLOCK, AT DRURY LANE.

Of Henry Irving's wonderfully vivid and impressive rendering of Shylock, soon, alas! to be seen no more upon our stage, what new thing is there to be said save that at Drury Lane this week it addresses still its persuasive and over-mastering appeal to the imagination and the emotions? Once more the mere poses, gestures, and pantomime of this strangely picturesque figure themselves suffice to hold the actor's audience in rapt attention; once more the intense humanity of his conception and its happy blend of sardonic malice and tragic pathos make this seem the only possible Shylock. No less striking than the thought and skill which has been expended in setting in high relief the main outlines of the character is the wonderful variety of effect achieved in the details of the impersonation—the fierce explosions, for instance, and masterly alternations of mood in the Tubal interview, as contrasted with the sinister and almost uncanny self-restraint of the trial scene. Henry Irving's Shylock is now associated with a new Portia, that of Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, who accentuates charmingly alike in the "mercy" speech and (in the Belmont scenes) the sentiment of the rôle, but cannot match, of course, the sunny humour of Ellen Terry's gracious interpretation.

THE OPENING OF THE WALDORF THEATRE.

Robbed though it was of its main attraction by the enforced absence of Madame Calvé, the opening performance at Messrs. Shubert's beautiful and commodious new playhouse, the Waldorf, gave sufficient proof of the management's desire to conduct its theatre in accordance with an artistic policy deserving public encouragement and sympathy. Mr. Henry Russell's season, which is to alternate operatic and dramatic performances on a truly ambitious scale, was inaugurated last Monday with a programme that contained Paer's "Maestro di Cappella" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," two works that make a very pleasant and decided contrast. In Paer's bright little piece, Mr. Pini-Corsi acted with genial humour and sang with taste as the musician, while in "Pagliacci," already a little stale and outworn, an agreeable impression was made by Madame de Bohuss, a pretty and engaging vocalist, in the part of Nedda, and old favourites such as MM. Ancona and de Lucia rendered their music with all their customary fervour. Tuesday night saw the return of that great actress, Signora Duse, who chose to reappear in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," wherein, with the old audacity, she calmly waned out of the titular character such bizarre elements as do not appeal to her temperament, and reshapes Mr. Pinero's heroine into a great-souled, world-weary, desperately lonely woman.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S HAMLET, AT THE LYRIC.

Some few years ago, when Mr. Martin Harvey was playing Pelleas to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Golland and Mrs. Campbell's Melisande, the Hamlet of this cleverest of all Sir Henry Irving's young men would probably have been distinguished by poetical and introspective feeling, delicate nuances of diction, and a certain boyish simplicity and fervour. To-day, after appearing in "The Only Way" and "The Breed of the Freshams," Mr. Harvey unfortunately tries more lurid colours and broader effects. His engaging boyishness has gone, his inflections, once so charming, are now mannered and calculated; his ethereal manner has "materialised," and consequently his Hamlet, while surpassing Mr. H. B. Irving's in authority and in elocutionary skill, must yet be pronounced a very old-fashioned impersonation—a mouthing, ranting Hamlet—a Hamlet sombre and sardonic, rather than (like Mr. Forbes-Robertson's) suave and debonnaire. Mr. Harvey's Hamlet, indeed, is a companion-picture to Mr. Waller's Romeo, the hero of a romantic melodrama. The Ghost of Mr. Stephen Phillips, very deliberate and almost unduly articulate; the dignified Queen of Miss Maud Milton; the Ophelia of Miss De Silva, kept judiciously in the minor key; the virile and impressive Claudius of Mr. Glenney; the resonant Laertes of Mr. Charles Lauder; and the very clever study of senile sententiousness given by Mr. Fred Wright, senior, in the rôle of Polonius—all these are laudable features of Mr. Harvey's ambitious and interesting experiment.

"MAN AND SUPERMAN," AT THE COURT.

The Shaw season at the Court Theatre reached its apotheosis last Tuesday afternoon in the production of the so-called comedy, "Man and Superman," abbreviated by the author himself. In his acting version Mr. Bernard Shaw has cut out the episode of Don Juan in Hell, and has consequently emphasised the fact that the real "superman" of his title is woman. The whole play, indeed, turns on the idea of woman as the eternal hunter and man as her inevitable quarry, and "Man and Superman," while expressing as no other work has done Mr. Shaw's most mature opinions of the sex from this standpoint, has the characteristically delightful feature that it represents the very mouthpiece of the Shavian sex philosophy captured by an all-conquering and fascinating woman. Quite apart from its giving the very quintessence of Mr. Shaw's wit and thought on the eternal feminine question, "Man and Superman" introduces us to a new edition of the conventional John Bull, brought up half on John Bright and Cobdenism, half on Herbert Spencer; and again to a motor-car chauffeur, who is as snobbishly proud of his Board School and Polytechnic education as his social superiors might be and are not of their public school and 'Varsity. Overwhelmingly funny are Mr. Goodhart and Mr. Gwenn in these two rôles. But the most amusing scenes in a not very actable play are the love-scenes—shared by Mr. Granville Barker as a sprucer and more youthful Bernard Shaw, and Miss Lillah McCarthy, the most piquant of lady wooers—because in them, as always, the playwright strips romanticism of its frippery and shows instinct in all its realistic nakedness.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton contributes to our present Number a wonderful exposition of the Indian science of woodcraft, which subject he has made his own. In his article he traces a fox's hunting-expedition, and, although he saw neither hunter nor quarry, he reveals from tracks alone, and a fine exercise of the deductive method, the whole story of the chase. Mr. Seton is as clever with his pencil as with his pen, and the fox's adventure is revealed step by step with picture, diagram, and description. In America the author has organised a boys' club for the study of this department of natural science.

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By the twin-screw s.s. "OPHIR," 5914 tons, 10,000 h.p. Sailings, June 24; July 2; Aug. 5, 1905.

13 DAYS for £12 12s. and upwards.

Managers, F. GREEN and CO., and ANDERSON, ANDERSON and CO., Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 25, FENCHURCH AVENUE, E.C. 4, or to the West-End Branch Office, 25, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

S U M M E R C R U I S E S.

The Fine Steam Yacht "St. Sunniva," from LEITH to the WEST COAST and FORTH, N. NORWAY, June 3, 17, and 30, July 11, 25, and August 8. Inclusive fare from £10 10s.; four-berthed cabin, £34.

FIFTEEN DAYS CRUISE ROUND BRITISH ISLES, beginning August 15. Fare from £14 10s. First-class cabin.

From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to ABERDEEN, CAITHNESS and the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN to SHETLAND five times a week, from May 1 to September 30.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, open from June 1 to September 30. Comfortable quarters and excellent Cuisine. Grand Scotch Scenery, Good Loch and Sea Fishing. Moderate terms. 11-Day Excursion from Leith every Monday, including passage money and accommodation at Hotel for one week for £15 6s.

Handbook and full particulars, Thomas Cook and Son, London Circus, and all branch offices; Wylie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 1, Leith; and CHARLES MCKENZIE, Manager, Aberdeen.

SPECIAL YACHTING CRUISES.

SS. "PRINCESS MAUD" (1460 tons), Leaving LIVERPOOL on May 30, June 25, and July 1, for TEN DAYS' CRUISE to the HIGHER AND WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

Fares from £6 inclusive. Number strictly limited; liberal table. Also ROUND GREAT BRITAIN with change of steamers.

Apply Mr. LANGRISH & SONS, Liverpool.

THE SHERBORNE PAGEANT

TO COMMEMORATE THE 1200th ANNIVERSARY of the FOUNDING of the Town by ST. EALDHELM, an UNIQUE

FOLK PLAY,

specialty invented and written by LOUIS N. PARKER, will be performed in the ruins of SHERBORNE CASTLE, June 13, 14, and 15 1905.

700 PERFORMERS.

PANORAMA OF COSTUMES, from A.D. 705 to 1523, designed from the best and most authentic records.

HOTELS: Digby, Half-Moon, Antelope.

A Housing Committee has been formed to organise lodgings; maximum price of 5s. per person per night.

Interesting Motor Road from Town, Basingstoke, Salisbury, Shaftesbury, &c.

All Seats reserved—25s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., and 3s.

For particulars address the Hon. Secs.,

THE PARADE, SHERBORNE, DORSET.

120 Miles from Town.

AX-LES-BAINS.—Splendid HOTEL ROYAL, under the

Management of its Proprietor, G. Rosignol. Open from April 1. Beautiful Situation. Every Modern Comfort.

Tariffs free, F. TENNANT PAIR, 21, Farringdon Avenue, E.C. 4, and Paris.

THE FUTURE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY AT A CHARITY FÊTE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

Prince Gustavus.



Duke of Connaught.

Princess Margaret.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, HER FATHER, AND HER FIANCÉ, PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN, AT THE OPENING OF THE GREAT HISTORICAL BAZAAR IN DEAN'S YARD, IN AID OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, MAY 23.

Dean's Yard was turned into a tented field for the Historical Bazaar in aid of the Westminster Hospital. The opening ceremony was performed by the Duke of Connaught, who was accompanied by Princess Margaret and her fiancé, Prince Gustavus Adolphus. The Duke of Buscleuch, President of the hospital, referred to the Princess's approaching marriage. The stall-holders at the bazaar wore picturesque historical costumes.

THE NEW WALDORF THEATRE: SCENES FROM THE FIRST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG.



THE FIRST PIECES AT THE NEW PLAYHOUSE IN ALDWYCH: "I PAGLIACCI" AND "IL MAESTRO DI CAPPELLA."

At Messrs. Shubert's new theatre, the Waldorf, opened on May 22, Mr. Henry Russell is presenting both opera and drama. The playhouse is in every respect the most modern in London, and everything has been done by its projectors to ensure the safety and comfort of their patrons. The opening performances, discussed elsewhere, saw the rentrée of an old favourite, Signor Ancona.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR COMING
SPANISH VISITOR.

The prelude to King Alfonso's forthcoming visit to London has been an exchange of courtesies between his Majesty and King Edward. The King has appointed King Alfonso a General of the British Army; and in return has been appointed an Admiral of the Spanish Navy. The young King's departure for his tour has been fixed for the evening of May 27. He will travel to the summer capital, San Sebastian, will hear Mass there on Sunday, and will then continue his journey to Paris. Señor Villa Urrutia, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the only member of the Cabinet who will accompany King Alfonso to London. The King is said to look forward to his English visit with great interest. On another page we illustrate his Majesty engaged in his favourite pastime, shooting, at which he bids fair to equal even the King of Portugal himself. But his life is not all pastime, nor will his visit be purely one of sightseeing and festivity, as the presence of his Foreign Minister abundantly proves.



ADMIRAL NIEBOGOFF,
THE SUPPOSED SUCCESSOR OF
ADMIRAL ROZHDESTVENSKY.

A ROYAL SCULPTOR'S
WORK.

It was arranged that detachments from the 1st Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, Y Battery Royal Horse Artillery, the Battalions of Foot Guards in London, and from the 2nd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment at the Tower, should attend the service in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 24 on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial to officers and men of the Colonial forces who fell in the South African War. The Prince of Wales, in person, unveiled the monument, a fine allegorical design, the work of the Duchess of Argyll (Princess Louise). For the ceremony, the King's Colonial Imperial Yeomanry were ordered to furnish a guard-of-honour, as many of the men as possible to attend. The Band of the Grenadier Guards was selected to be present; the drums of a battalion of Foot Guards were given the duty of sounding the "Last Post," while the trumpeters of a regiment of Household Cavalry gave the "Reveille."

OUR PORTRAITS.

The many sensational rumours current as to the movements and the health of Admiral Rozhdestvensky led to a report that the Admiral was dead and had been buried at sea off Hon-Kohe, and that his place as commander of the Baltic Fleet had been taken by Admiral Niebogoff. It need hardly be said that the statement should be regarded with a considerable amount of suspicion until proven. If the news be indeed true, it is probable that Admiral Niebogoff has only taken temporary command of the fleet, as it is now announced that Admiral Birilleff has been appointed to the supreme naval command in the Far East.

Sir George Glynn Petre, who died on May 17, in his eighty-third year, was an interesting link between the diplomacy of the present and the diplomacy of the middle of the nineteenth century. Grandson of the ninth Lord Petre, he was set apart for the Diplomatic Service from his earliest youth, and was first appointed attaché to the British Legation in the then free city of

Frankfort. He filled a similar position in various other places, until in 1856 he was sent to Naples as Chargé d'Affaires. While there it was his business to break off diplomatic relations between "Bomba" and the British Government. When he retired in 1893 he was Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Portugal.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons this week has witnessed one of the most turbulent scenes in its history. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman moved the adjournment to discuss an alleged breach of faith by Mr. Balfour. The Prime Minister said at Edinburgh that before convening a Colonial Conference to examine the fiscal question, he would ask for a mandate from the constituencies. He explained to the House that at the time he had forgotten that a Conference will meet next year automatically, over the deliberations of which he will have no control. But to this, he held, the Edinburgh pledge did not apply.

This statement was made in the afternoon, and in the evening the Leader of the Opposition delivered his indictment. The Colonial Secretary rose to continue the debate, but the Opposition would not listen to him, and clamoured for "Balfour!" The uproar was inflamed by the Irish members, whose love of a

necessary for Colonial preference. He did not believe, it is clear, that they would follow Mr. Chamberlain. But it is noteworthy that he held Mr. Chamberlain's fundamental idea about the Empire.

THE OCEAN YACHT-
RACE.

The *Atlantic* was sighted going favourably on its sails set, under a fresh south-west breeze. She signalled "All well!" and it appeared that Captain Barr was giving a good account of his craft. At the time she was sighted the *Atlantic* was about seven hundred miles out. The *Thistle* and the *Hamburg* have also been reported, and yachtsmen were inclined to believe that the latter vessel and the *Atlantic* were ahead of the other competitors. After the *Valhalla* and the *Sunbeam* had passed the Nantucket light-ship there was no news of them for some days, and they were believed to be taking a more northerly curve than the other competitors, in order to fall in with the strong winds that give these heavy craft the best chance of success.

From the desultory advices received from passing ships, the ocean race seemed—about the middle of the week—to be going favourably for America and Germany.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR GEORGE
GLYNN PETRE.
DIPLOMATIST.

THE WAR: AN
EXPERT COMMENTARY.

By E. N.

It is indicated by certain telegrams on both sides that Oyama is ready, or nearly ready, for another move; and, on the other hand, there are signs that Rozhdestvensky has at last determined to risk a battle. It is at least clear that the Russian Admiral's position would not be improved if he found Vladivostok with its communications severed, and the Japanese astride the line to Harbin. Yet it seems very possible that this is what may happen. There have been rumours that a sixth Japanese army has been landed somewhere on the coast, with the intention of marching straight to the railroad; but as against the possibility of such detached operations we have the whole experience of the war, in which the Japanese have invariably brought all the forces they could to bear upon the one main objective. It must be remembered, too, that Linievitch has been reinforced. He has taken up a position extending from some eight or nine miles west of the railway on the right of the Liao-ho to a point fifty miles south of Kirin, where the hills have been heavily fortified.

With Vladivostok isolated and Harbin threatened, the situation for the Russians becomes critical indeed. As it is, Oyama possesses the supreme advantage of the offensive, and his scouts, aided by large bodies of Chunchuses, screen his every movement. It is not surprising that we should hear that great apprehension prevails at Harbin, or that there is some question of transferring the headquarters of the railway administration from that place to Omsk, in Eastern Siberia.

The American chorus-girl, three times tried for murder, will not be tried again. Her popularity seems to justify her engagement in a New York theatre at £300 a week, though it is not suggested that she has any talent for the stage. But she has scored very neatly off Judge Davis, who presided at the first and second trials, and thought it judicious to state in an after-dinner speech that she had "lied" all through. Upon this Miss Patterson observed that excuses must be made for a Judge



Photo. Gabrielli.

A MEMORIAL BY A ROYAL SCULPTOR: THE MONUMENT BY PRINCESS LOUISE TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE COLONIAL FORCES WHO FELL IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON MAY 24.

row has had no such opportunity for years. Mr. Lyttelton strove for an hour to make himself heard. Mr. Balfour submitted to the Chair that he had a right to arrange the order of speaking on the Treasury Bench as he thought fit, and the Deputy Speaker urged the Opposition to give Mr. Lyttelton a hearing. It was all in vain. Thoroughly infuriated, both sides shouted their loudest, and Mr. Lowther at last used the authority of the Chair under the rules of the House to closure the "debate," and adjourn.

The following day Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman asked the Prime Minister to give facilities for a Vote of Censure, and Mr. Balfour answered that he should be very happy to comply, provided an undertaking were given to conduct the discussion with order and decency.

THE DEAD HAND.

There has been much correspondence about the late Lord Salisbury's views of the fiscal question, and members of his family have made it plain that he dissented from Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. But it is evident now that he did not dissent because he was in favour of Free Trade. Colonel Denison, President of the British Empire League in Canada, has published extracts from letters written to him by Lord Salisbury as late as 1901. They show that the writer was not a Free Trader, but that he thought many years would have to pass before the people of this country would consent to the taxation



A £5900 "GINGER-JAR": THE BLUE PRUNUS-PATTERN VASE AND COVER SOLD WITH THE LOUIS HUTH COLLECTION.

BY COURTESY OF MR. PARTRIDGE, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

One of the sensations of the sale of the Louis Huth collection at Christie's was the blue out-form Prunus-pattern vase and cover here illustrated. For a considerable time the vase figured amongst a number of others on a shelf in a Wardour Street shop, the owner of which priced it at 12s. 6d. Mr. Huth paid the gentleman who gave it, 6d. for it the sum of £25. At Messrs. Christie's it realised £5900, bid by Mr. Partridge against Mr. Duveen's £5800.



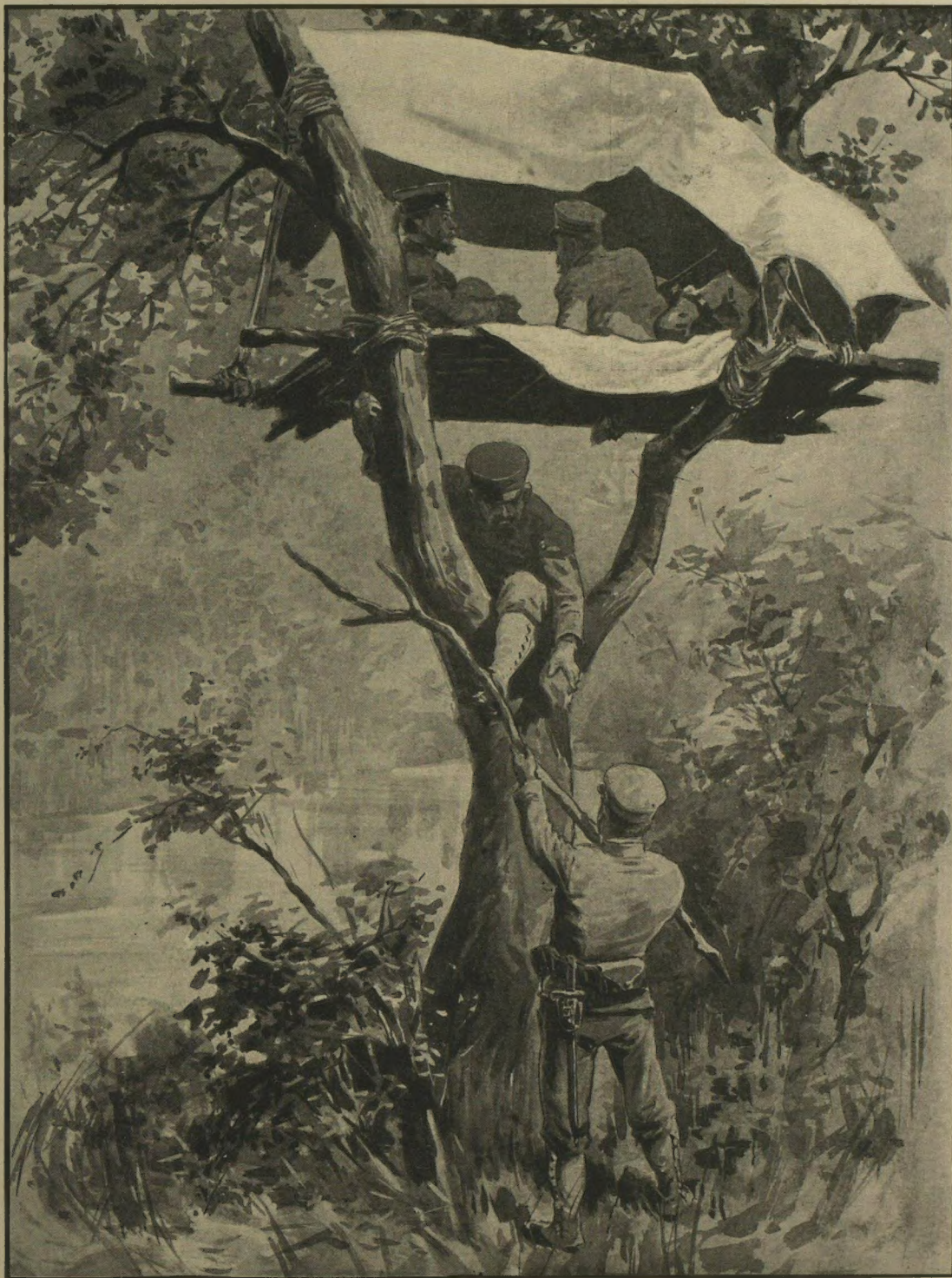
BREAD NEARLY FORTY-FOUR CENTURIES OLD, FOUND AMONG THE DÉBRIS OF THE ROYAL TEMPLE OF DEI-EL-BAHR.

It is claimed that this piece of bread, which was discovered among the debris of the Royal Temple at Dei-el-Bahr, was baked about 2500 B.C. It was exhibited recently to the Society of Arts by Mr. H. R. Hall, the Egyptian explorer.

after dinner. This repartee appears to have been hailed with public approval. To English ideas it is certainly odd that a Judge should condemn in this fashion an accused person who was not condemned by the jury. In this country he holds his tongue.

ROOSTING WARRIORS: A JAPANESE BIVOUAC IN A TREE.

DRAWING (FACSIMILE) BY A JAPANESE NATIVE ARTIST.

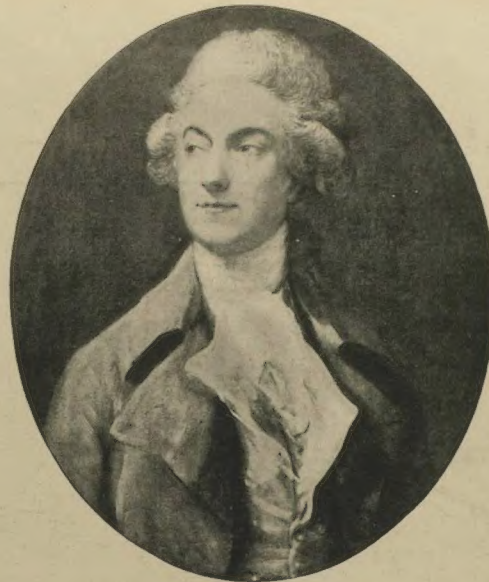


"MY LODGING'S ABOVE THE COLD GROUND": ONE WAY OF ESCAPING THE FLOODS.

During the heavy rains Marshal Oyama's troops found camping on the ground unbearable. Accordingly all who could bivouacked in the trees, which afforded a more comfortable resting-place.



A 3000-GUINEA CROME (RECORD PRICE): LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.
By Permission of the Purchasers, Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons.



A 4550-GUINEA GAINSBOROUGH: PORTRAIT OF MR. VESTRIS, THE GREAT DANCER.
By Permission of the Purchaser, Mr. A. Wertheimer.



AN 800-GUINEA MORLAND: A WOODLAND SCENE.
By Permission of the Purchasers, through Messrs. Leggatt.



A 2000-GUINEA MORLAND: MORNING, OR HIGGLERS PREPARING FOR MARKET.
By Permission of the Purchasers, Messrs. Agnew.



A 1000-GUINEA HOGARTH: "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," ACT III.
By Permission of the Purchasers, Messrs. Agnew.

The half-portrait of Mr. Vestris represents the dancer in a pale-blue coat with white vest and stock and powdered hair. The canvas measures twenty-eight and a-half inches by twenty-three inches. Morland's "Morning," dated 1791, was in 1810 sold for 49 guineas, and was bought by Mr. Huth in 1861 for 55 guineas. Hogarth's "Beggar's Opera" (Huth version), painted in 1730, contains a portrait of Miss Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) as Polly in Gay's lyrical drama. The Crome here illustrated marks a record, the previous highest price having been 2600 guineas, paid in 1894 for the "Yarmouth Water Frolic."

THE CREATION OF A RUSSIAN COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL DEFENCE: THE PRESIDENT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



ENTRUSTED BY THE TSAR WITH THE DEFENCE OF RUSSIA: THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICOLAIEVITCH.

The Grand Duke, who is the eldest son of the elder Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, and is second cousin of the Tsar, was born at St. Petersburg in 1856. He is an Aide-de-camp General, Lieutenant-General, and Inspector-General of Cavalry, Chief of the Lithuanian Regiment of the Guard and of the 56th (Filomir) Regiment of Infantry, Colonel of the 12th Austrian Dragoons, of the 10th Prussian Hussars (Magdeburg Regiment), and Chevalier of the Order of the Black Eagle. Some little time ago it was rumoured that the Grand Duke was to be entrusted with the supreme command in the Far East.

HERE AND THERE IN BOOKLAND.

FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY.

WHEN Captain Harry English, defending a fort in some scrimmage on the Indian frontier, gallantly lost his life, he left a very youthful widow. She married again, and her second husband was a Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Arthur Gardiner, playfully known as "the ass with a seraphic smile." A really shocking ass is Sir Arthur, and the worst of it is that the authors believe there are many like him in the Indian service. He does not understand that Rosamond simply tolerates him, and that when she has fits of abstraction, which are frequent, she is not musing on his dignities and her own good fortune. When Major Bethune calls one day, and proposes to write the life of her first husband, his old comrade, with the help of the memorials in her possession, we get an inkling of some tragedy. It is a very singular tragedy. Rosamond did not love Harry English, and she has never read the diaries and letters he wrote in the fort. But she performs the remarkable feat of falling in love with his memory. When she returns to England, and lives in an old house that belonged to his family, and sees his portraits every day, and at last reads his letters—very touching letters—she conceives a passion, half love, half remorse, which is very moving if not quite intelligible. She believes that his spirit haunts the house, and something does haunt it truly, only this is, to all appearance, a Pathan in a turban, engaged by Sir Arthur as secretary. The Pathan watches the lady, and he also watches Bethune, who needs watching, for he is growing too fond of the lovely mourner, the Rose of the World. Luckily for him, Aspasia, Sir Arthur's niece, is a very charming girl, one of the most charming girls we know in novels, with a delicious knack of repartee. If many girls had Aspasia's repartee, professional humorists of the other sex would retire from the business. Now, the Pathan turns out to be—well, you can guess. It is not the first time that British officers, supposed to be dead in frontier-scrammages, have put in a healthy appearance long after. There is the classic precedent of George D'Alooy, and you can count up a lot more. But Harry English has been watching and waiting for quite an unusual period, thinking that his wife might be happy in her second marriage, and not sure that he ought to come to life again. All ends well, and the seraphic ass is discomfited, and turns out even worse than an ass, who, after all, may be a very decent fellow. Gardiner is an unspeakable cad, and we reject the suggestion that there are Lieutenant-Governors in India of the same breed. There is a delightful French savant, who gives Agnes and Egerton Castle (Smith, Elder), the authors of "Rose of the World," the opportunity of writing this admirable story partly in French. But their English is good enough for us.

"The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava," by Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. (London: Murray. Two vols.), deals with a man so versatile, in the best sense of the word, that it is hardly possible for a biographer to draw his portrait quite satisfactorily. He made his mark in home politics as a young Liberal peer; he was one of the few real authorities on the Irish Land Question; he went on special missions to Syria in 1860 and Egypt in 1882; he governed Canada and India, added Burma to the British Empire, and represented his Sovereign at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome, and Paris. He was President of the Geographical Society, Rector of the University of St. Andrews, and Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland. He wrote one of the wittiest travel-books in the language, and was a singularly graceful and effective public speaker. Sir Alfred Lyall was closely associated with him in India, or, in other words, met him as a Viceroy aged fifty-eight; but he has had full assistance from relatives and friends of Lord Dufferin, and the authorised "Life," if a trifle official in character, is a very noteworthy book. Lord Dufferin's father died while he was at Eton, but his companionship with his brilliant mother—once Helen Sheridan—was far closer than is often the case between parent and child. The letters of Helen, Lady Dufferin, printed in this book, perhaps give a better idea of her son's character than any of the later contents, and though from his own correspondence and speeches one can to some extent realise the singular charm of the man, the book would have gained in interest had it been possible to have more of his conversation. For he combined with the slightly malicious and unconventional wit of the best type of Irishman a strain of humour not to be found in the pure Celt. The Blackwoods are, of course, a Lowland Scots family settled in Ulster for nearly three hundred years, but until one of them conceived the excellent idea of marrying a Sheridan they had produced nothing more brilliant than respectable members of Parliament and excellent county magistrates. On the official side of his subject's career Sir Alfred Lyall's work can hardly be praised too highly; as an important part of it he is himself a first-hand authority, while he has mastered many questions far removed from the problems of Indian administration. There are one or two small slips, but Lord Dufferin himself would probably have deprecated, more than these, his biographer's inveterate habit of writing "English" when he means "British." Sir Alfred Lyall, whom we take to be of Scots descent (in which case his slip of the pen is all the more surprising, as North Britain is particularly jealous on this score), sometimes applies the label with ludicrous misappropriateness.

MINOR INTERESTS.

"JÖRN UHL," in an English translation by F. S. Delmer (Constable), has crossed the North Sea after causing a notable stir in Germany; but we have qualms as to the manner of its reception here. Frenssen's admirers claim that he, foremost amongst living German writers, has given voice to the longings, the thoughts, and aspirations of modern Germans, a statement that, we hope, will in itself be sufficient to make English people turn to "Jörn Uhl" with a special interest. The use of the Scotch dialect for the Holstein *patois* is not satisfactory; but it is hard to see how Mr. Delmer could have done better with the difficulties he has had to face, and we have to thank him for a courageous, sympathetic rendering of a book whose charm is as elusive as it is novel. The sturdy Holsteiner in this haunting, brilliant story thinks the "long, long thoughts" of youth, as he gazes across his wide, windy marshes; arrives, unaided, at his own rude philosophy, and fights his way, by faith and the inner light, to happiness. Nothing, perhaps, will baffle the English student of his fortunes more than the web of folk-lore and tradition, the web of fantasy, that is intertwined with his practical struggles. And yet who but the dreamers set the wheels of change a-rolling? Incidentally, in a chapter of great power, Jörn Uhl helps to man a battery at Gravelotte; but the crimson stain of '70-71, though it tinctures his life at the flood, leaves its busy current unchanged. The farm, his birthplace, ruined by his father's neglect, sinks: Jörn, half-farmer still, goes out into the world and helps to build the Kiel Canal, and studies that he may apply the last word of science to the work at hand, and toils at ditching and surveying, a man with a stubborn shoulder at the service of German progress. The influences of Ibsen and Tolstoy have streaked the book, curiously, in places; but no mere assimilating talent, however quick at the uptake, could have manufactured it out of second-hand materials. It has the stamp of genius.

There is another translation that deserves to take precedence of the mass of the season's English novels—Rodocanachi's "Tolla, the Courtesan" (Heinemann), translated by Mr. Frederick Lawton. It is as well to say at the outset that the record of Tolla's frailties is so overlaid with a wealth of minute particulars of the contemporary life that M. Rodocanachi only succeeds, here and there, in extricating it. The main interest of the book lies in his remarkable picture of social Rome in the year 1700. The pageantry, the pulsing heart of the Pope's city as it beat two hundred years ago, are recounted with all the crisp appreciation of a shrewd eye-witness. The Chevalier, whose letters to his absent mistress are the medium used, was, if not exactly a Montaigne, a highly intelligent French gentleman who made pertinent use of eyes and ears. The book is a work of pains, and the result justifies their expenditure.

There is much cry and little wool in Messrs. W. H. Herries and Guy Pollock's *jeu d'esprit*, "Hay Fever" (Longmans), which is an extravaganza of a highly inconsequential order. It might be described as a galanty-show, a sheet upon which burlesque shades of policemen, stout stockbrokers, and heavy husbands go through fantastic capers. They prance almost as wildly as Mr. T. W. H. Crosland in his new book, "The Wild Irishman" (Werner Laurie), and they make a better show of spontaneity. Mr. Crosland's respect for Irish good qualities reads ponderously, and even when he relieves it by plunging off at a tangent to belabour the passing Scot, or the English judges, or those illiterate, brainless conspirators who are known to the outside world as the British Press, there is a springiness about his action that discounts its sincerity. We could name at least three lady novelists whose light, and yet vigorous skill in vituperation he should study before he writes another book.

The genius, carefully treated, makes good capital in fiction; and Miss Braddon has achieved a signal success in "The Rose of Life" (Hutchinson), wherein her practised hand, having in no wise lost its cunning, sets forth the portrait of Daniel Lester. He was a big, handsome, well-dressed poet, and he deserved, we think, a happier fate than to be entangled in tragedy; but then Miss Braddon had a savoury plot simmering, and his immersion was part of the recipe. Another book dealing with a genius, this time an abortive one, is "Seth of the Cross," by Alphonse Courlander (Nash), a novel with the marks of sincerity and crude strength upon its pages. It is, for all its evidences of inexperience, a book to read.

Madame Longard de Longgarde's new story, "The Three Essentials" (Hutchinson), is a mild dish, not up to "The Eternal Woman," and lacking the author's usual freshness. "Mild," by the way, is the last word to apply to Frank Barrett's "The Error of his Ways" (Chatto and Windus), which is crammed with villainy. A cursory review of "The Sword of Islam" (Murray) is not quite in its place at the tail of a column devoted to fiction. It may not be amiss, however, to draw attention to its publication, for it will be found invaluable to the general reader who, while desiring information on Mohammedanism, has neither the leisure nor the opportunity to consult more exhaustive histories. Mr. Woolaston has written an excellent popular account of the origin and vicissitudes of the faith of Islam; and he has included a survey of the principal sects, and an interesting chapter on the pilgrimages.

THE DESIRE OF PRINT.

"AND desire shall fail," sighed Ecclesiastes, surveying, it is true, passions not intellectual, but possibly also with one thought for his literary acquaintance, who sought his admiration under the plea of judgment on their elegant trifles. The desire of the rittic has failed long ago, but it was hid from the Preacher's prophetic vision that one desire was inextinguishable—that of the mere amateur writer for print. Fortunately, the full extent of the canker is invisible except to the few unfortunates who, from perverse choice or bitter necessity, have come to have a hand and a voice in the game of publication. To them only is truly revealed the existence of that exceeding great army of scribblers who sit in patient obscurity, but with abounding hopefulness, covering realms of foolscap with impossible fiction. Long converse with these amiable and pathetic dreamers discovers to the Rhadamanthus they invoke certain enduring laws and characteristics of the class and of the individual. By the evidence of Monday's post, Sunday is the busiest day of the great unpublished. In some cases the freshness of the ink proves that the divine fire flares highest on the first day of the week; but it is often impossible to infer more than that Sunday sees a large dispatch or re-dispatch of these errant MSS. The topography of the cult might be reduced to an exact science, and the resulting charts, collated with those of virtuous or criminal areas, might throw Heaven knows what light upon the relation of art to life. But to be complete, this research would need to take account of the subject-matter and quality of the work, and he that must perforce read is never tempted to take notes.

Here, be it understood, nothing is said of the great supply of passable literary performance that goes about seeking and at length finding the hospitality of editors. It is the wild chimeras, the strange illiteracies, the fond fatuities, loved by their authors with the ardour Plato likened to the love of parents, creations that must remain for ever unaccepted, the Wandering Jews of literature, that claim our present regard. For the most part they are now type-written, and thus the chief clue to the author's personality is lost; but with one voice they proclaim the vast illusion of the very ordinary mind regarding the possibilities of the career of letters. No repetition of rebuff seems to bring disillusion. Year in, year out, they send and send and send; their names appear in no magazine, on the title-page of no book, and still they commune with such Powers as may sit behind the Press, believing that one day the door will open.

Much of this writing seems to be the work of the so-called "young person," man and woman, the devourer of cheap magazines and ultra-popular novels. Most unmistakable is the hand that adorns the ledger on the six days not devoted to polite letters. Our clerk cultivates the strenuous manner; he is an Imperialist; in imagination at least a cosmopolitan; his slang is vivid, his oaths perfectly frank. Before the mirror of his own mind he masquerades as another and slightly superior Kipling. But his virility cannot save him. Or if he be not allured by the bayonet-and-cutlass manner, he is the votary of the supernatural, and goes about to make our flesh creep. His machinery, at any rate, leaves nothing to be desired, and he lacks none of the properties save gentle persuasion. So upon his persevering hands return his void and formless paragraphs. This sort has a third manifestation, inspired by the manner of the old Adelphi. With the nameless horrors of the river he is at home; deserted warehouses, unaccountably populous with villainy, and a strange medley of persons, high and low, all gathered into one inextricable knot, are the clay of this futile but unabashed potter, upon whom the modern spirit lays no restraining hand. His opening lines, fortunately, reveal the whole conspiracy of Satan, and there our traffickings with him end—until that day week.

From the very innocent and ignorant girl it is always safe to expect a tale of six or seven deadly sins. On her first approach she explains elaborately how she came to woo the Editorial opinion. More often than not she has been advised by someone of whom the critic never heard to "submit" the story, which many of her friends have admired and which would have been published in the Parish Magazine had the Vicar not thought it too long. Others, and these seldom women, are too obsequiously apologetic, and trust they "have not been too presumptuous in venturing." Nor have they. Without the vision of the great all-aspiring, heroic forlorn-hope of scribblers, bent over their unrewarded toil, their unwilling judge might himself have dreamed of eminence in fiction. But from that delusion they have set him free. Wherefore they have his thanks and his kindly interest, although he can never serve them as they would desire.

Never can the abiding egotism of man be rightly understood until after some study of these waifs of the pen. And if the prose contributions illuminate and instruct the reader, still more the verse. No warning that "MSS. of poetry" (so runs the courteous notice) "can on no account be returned" deters those rhymers, who believe they have but to be seen to be accepted, even in journals that never publish a line of metre. But their happy unconsciousness is the best part of them, and now and then they lighten official tedium by some precious stroke. Therefore, they, too, go not unthanked for their crying in the wilderness.

AN ECHO OF 1870 : THE GERMAN EMPEROR UNVEILING A MEMORIAL OF THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EUGÈNE JACOB.



TO THE MEMORY OF FALLEN GERMANS: WILLIAM II. INAUGURATING THE STATUE OF FIDELITY AT GRAVELOTTE, MAY 11.

There has been erected at Gravelotte a statue of Fidelity to the memory of German soldiers who fell on Aug. 18, 1870. The statue was inaugurated with a religious and military ceremony, which the Emperor attended in person. The Stadtholder of Alsace-Lorraine, Prince Hohenzollern, delivered a short speech, which was followed by prayer. The Emperor himself resisted all temptations to orate.

A STORM-BOUND CONVOY: DIFFICULTIES OF THE RUSSIAN MOVEMENT IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



RAIN AND FLOOD: MUSCOVY'S WAR WITH THE ELEMENTS.



THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF THE WOODS.

THE SECRETS OF THE TRAIL.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

IT was Fenimore Cooper who first put the good Indian on paper, who called the attention of the world to the wonderful woodcraft of these most wonderful savages. It was he who made white men realise how far they had got away from the primitive; it was he who glorified the woodman and his craft. And yet nowhere do we find in Cooper's novels any attempt to take us out and show us this woodcraft. He is content to stand with us afar off and point it out as something to be worshipped—to point it out and let it die.

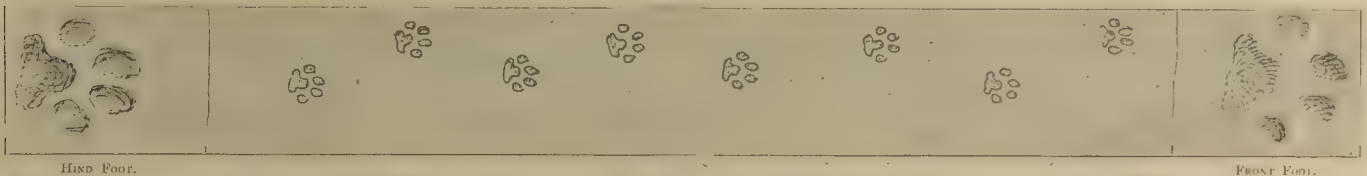
Fenimore Cooper has had many imitators, just as Uncas has had many successors. The fine art of trailing is still maintained in the Far West, and it has always seemed strange to me that none has endeavoured to give it permanent record other than a superlative adjective of outside praise.

What is trailing? The fox-hunter has some idea when he sees a superb pack follow a faint scent through a hundred perplexing places, discerning just

every little detail. Thus photography was possible only for about an hour in the early morning and an hour in the late afternoon. But the opportunity in the meanwhile usually was gone. I tried making a plaster cast of the tracks in the mud. Only one such in a million was castable. As a matter of fact, some of the finest were never in the mud. The much more interesting dust-tracks were not within reach of this method.

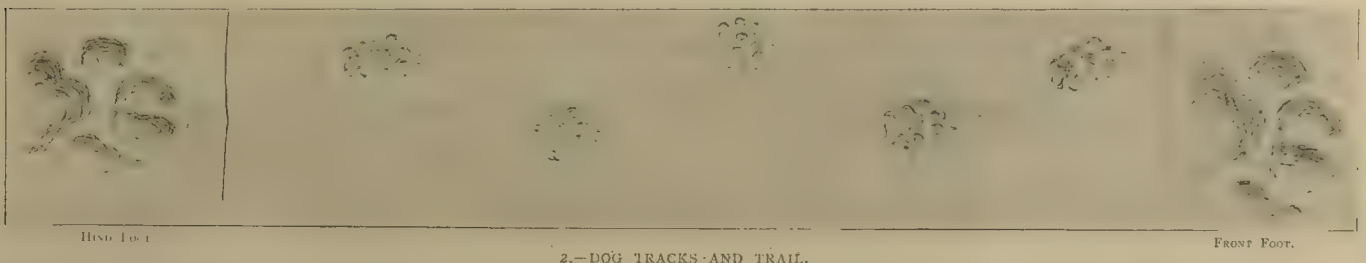
About this time there occurred an incident that gave me a valuable hint.

A friend of mine had a pet raccoon that he kept in his lodgings. One day while he was away the coon found the door of his cage open, and at once set about a number of long-deferred investigations. He examined, tasted, and tested everything around the floor of the room, then climbed by way of a chair to the writing-desk, but found nothing of interest except a large stone bottle. The coon had seen stone bottles before; he had had some very agreeable stuff from them. He now seized



which way the fox went, and about how long ago. The detective does another kind of trailing when he follows some trifling clue through the world of thought, tracing the secret of an unknown man along an invisible path, running it to earth at last in the very heart that it belongs to. The trailing of the Indian is these two combined; to a great extent, his eyes do the work of the hound's nose, but the nose is not idle. When the trail disappears, he must do the human detective work, but under all circumstances

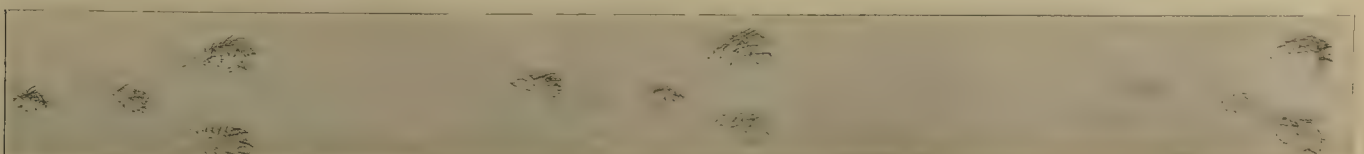
it, and worried at the cork till it came out. Not being able to reach the stuff inside, he spilled it out on the desk; but found it a sad disappointment, not good either to smell or taste—a complete failure as a beverage. So Coonie passed on to the next subject—some writing-paper. His front paws were black with ink, and as he set them on the dekle-edged, hand-made, heraldry note-paper the result was a beautiful print of his paw, lines of life, financial success, mount of Venus and of



his brains must be backed by the finest senses, superb physique, and ripe experience, or he cannot hope to overmatch his prey.

When, in 1882, I began my dictionary of tracks (unpublished) I found that there was no literature on the subject; all had to be gathered direct from Nature. My first attempts at recording tracks were made with pencil and paper. Next, realising how completely the pencil sketch is limited by one's own knowledge, I tried photography; but it invariably happens that

fame, etc., all set forth life-size in black and white. All animals, however low in intelligence, love to make an impression. Coonie was so pleased with his accidental achievement that he repeated his mark on all the paper that was handy. Then he turned his attention to the books. The ink held out longer than the paper, so he climbed to the top of the desk and pattered the wall over with impressionistic decorations. On jumping to the floor in search of fresh fields of conquest, he landed on all-fours



3.—RABBIT (COTTONTAIL), 3 FT. TO 7 FT. AT A BOUND.

not one track in ten thousand is fit for photographing, and it cannot be taken except when the sun is about thirty degrees above the horizon—that is, high enough to make a picture, and low enough to cast the shadow of

in a great pool of ink that, splashing about, left a few spots on the snowy counterpane of the bed. Ha! Bright thought; and Coonie, now thoroughly inked right and left, fore and aft, scrambled on the bed and



Northern Jack Southern Jack Hare Cottontail
4.—STUDIES IN TAILS: HARE AND RABBIT.

friend was sent for to remove his coon "at once and for ever." So the amateur printer was taken to the office and kept there thenceforth. There I made his acquaintance and learnt of his accidental discovery of the art of printing. It gave me a suggestion that I immediately put in practice.

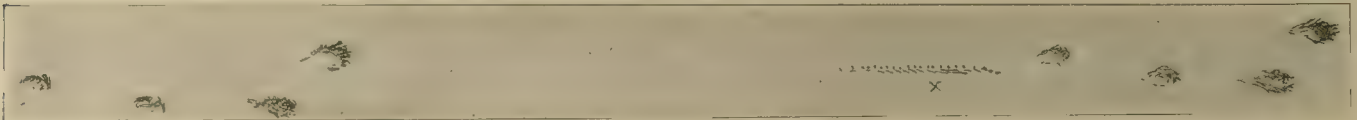
A sheet of paper was smeared over with oil and lampblack and set next to a white sheet. Cat and dog in turn were driven over these so as to ink their feet on the first and print them on the second. But many difficulties cropped up. The cat was afraid of the black, greasy paper; the dog wanted to play, and his feet were so hard that only the high part of each toe-ball was inked; also this kind of ink was too easily rubbed off the white paper. This led to the use of printer's-ink and a pad of soft cloth under both papers. Some very good results were got in this way, but we had to wait so long sometimes that the printer's-ink got sticky, and the animal either jumped over it or, in lifting its foot, tore the inky paper. The final conquest of these difficulties must be credited to Mrs. Seton. She substituted slow-drying black paint for ink and very tough paper on a soft pad for the print.

rushed up and down with the most interesting success. The bed lent itself admirably to his purpose. Strings and prints of footmarks were embellishing its whole breadth. Just as Coonie was looking around to make sure that no place had been neglected, the door opened and the landlady entered with fresh towels.

The scene that followed was too painful for description. No one present enjoyed it. My

it is the perfect animal, and its track also is a good one to use for standard. (Illustration 1.)

In these separate prints the roundness of the toe-pads tells of the softness; their spread from each other shows the suppleness of the toes, the absence of claw-marks tells of the retractability of these weapons. The front and hind feet are equal in length, but the first is broader. This is the rule among true quadrupeds. The series of tracks—that is, its trail—shows the manner of the cat in walking. In this the animal used apparently but two legs, because the hind foot falls exactly on the trail made by the front foot, each track being really doubled. This is perfect tracking. There are several advantages in it. Every teamster knows that a waggon whose hind wheels do not exactly follow the front wheels is a very bad waggon to haul in sand, snow, or mud; the trail for it has to be broken twice, and the labour increased, some say, fifty per cent. This principle applies to the cat-track; by correct following it goes more easily. But there is still a more important reason. A hunting-cat sneaking through the woods after prey must keep its eyes on the woods ahead or on the prey itself. At the very most it may pick out a smooth, safe, silent place for its front feet to tread on. Especially at the climax of the hunt all its senses are focussed on the intended victim; it cannot select a safe spot for each hind foot in turn, even though the faintest crunch of a dry leaf will surely spoil the stalk. But there is no danger of that; the cat can see the spot selected for the front feet, and the hind feet are so perfectly trained that they seek unerringly that very spot, the safe place that the front foot has just left. Thus perfect stepping is silent stepping, and is essential to all creatures that stalk their prey. The opposite kind of stepping is seen in very heavy animals which frequent marshy ground; to them it would be a positive disadvantage to set the hind foot in the tread of the front foot, when so much of the support has just been destroyed. The ox illustrates this. These principles are applicable to geology, where the trails are the only biographical records of certain species. From the manner of setting the feet we can distinguish the predacious and the marsh-frequenting quadrupeds. The next track likely to be seen is that of the dog. (Illustration 2.) In this the harder, less pliant foot and the non-retractile claws are clearly seen. But the trail shows the dog is not a correct walker. His tracks are "out of register" as a printer would say. And he has a glaring defect, the result, no doubt, of domestication, of long generations on pavements and in



5.—BOUNDS OF A JACK-RABBIT (SOMETIMES 15 FT.)



6.—JACK-RABBIT'S TRACKS, SHOWING CHANGE OF FEET AS IT WENT AT AN EASY LOPE.



7.—JACK-RABBIT'S BOUNDS: THE SECOND BOUND A SKY-HOP FOR OBSERVATION.

At the New York Zoological Park, where she worked, a board fence was set up in each cage so as to open an alley-way down which the animal was driven over the two papers, and the result was some valuable records of unquestionable veracity.

But this plan, hard enough with the caged animals, is obviously impossible with the free ones. They cannot be induced to go near that dangerous-looking paper, and for most practical purposes I have been forced to make my records by drawing the tracks. This is always done carefully to scale; right and left foot, fore and aft in each case, along with a section of the whole trail with its relation to wind, compass, and shape of ground.

The trailer's first task is to learn the trails he means to follow. The Red Indian and the Bushman, of course, simply memorise them from their earliest days, but we find it helpful and much easier to record them in some way. Apart from other considerations, a form is always better comprehended if we reproduce it on paper. As a general principle, no two kinds of animals leave the same track. As a matter of fact, no two individuals leave the same trail. Just as surely as there are differences of size and disposition, so there will be corresponding differences in its trail; but this is refining beyond the purposes of practicability in most cases, and for the present we may be satisfied to consider it a general rule that each species leaves its own clearly recognisable track. One of my daily pastimes when the snow is on the ground—which is the easiest and ideal time for the trailer, and especially for the beginner—is to take up some trail early in the morning and follow it over hill and dale, carefully noting any change and every action as written in the snow, and it is a wonderfully rewarding way of learning the methods and life of an animal. The trail records with perfect truthfulness everything that he did or tried to do at a time when he was unembarrassed by the nearness of his worst enemy. The trail is an autobiographic chapter of the creature's life, written unwittingly, indeed, and in perfect sincerity.

Whenever in America during the winter I have found myself with time to pass between trains, I endeavour to get out into the country, and rarely fail to find and read one of these more or less rewarding chapters, and thus get an insight into the life of the animal, as well as into the kinds that are about; for most quadrupeds are nocturnal, and their presence is generally unsuspected by those who do not know how to read the secrets of the trail.

The first trails to catch the eye and the best for first study are those nearest home. Two well-marked types are the tracks of cat and dog. Most anatomists select the cat as the ideal of muscular and bony structure;

houses—he drags his toes. All these things contribute to make the dog a noisy walker in the woods.

It is well at this time to compare the track of the dog with that of the wolf, especially since the reintroduction of wolf-hunting as a popular sport in the North of England. I have made dozens of drawings, casts, prints, photographs, and studies of wolf and dog tracks, and have not found a single reliable feature that will distinguish them. One hunter says the wolf has the relatively small outer toes. Yes, sometimes, but not when compared with a collie. Another says that the wolf's foot is longer; but not when compared with that of a greyhound, staghound, or lurcher. Another, the wolf's foot is larger, yet it will not rank in size with that of a St. Bernard or a great Dane. The wolf lifts his feet neatly without dragging his toes, but so do many dogs, especially country dogs. Thus all these diagnostics fail. On the whole a wolf is a better walker than a dog; his tracks do usually register, but not always, and in some wolves rarely.

If a wolf-track in the snow be followed for a mile or two, it will be found to go cautiously up to an unusual or promising object. It is obviously the trail of a suspicious, shy creature, while the dog-trail is



8.—THE DEN (OR FORM) OF THE JACK.

direct, and usually unafraid. But this does not apply to the dogs which poach or kill sheep. There is therefore no sure means of distinguishing them, even in the wilderness. One can only judge by probabilities.

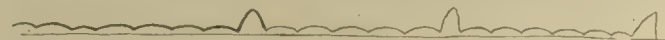
I have often heard inexperienced hunters boast that they could "tell them every time"; but old hunters usually say, "No man can tell for sure." America is well provided with rabbits and hares. A score or more of species are now recognised, and two very well-known types are the cottontail of the woods and the jack-rabbit of the plains.

The cottontail is much like an English rabbit, but it is a little smaller, has shorter ears, the whole under-part of the tail glorified into a fluffy, snowy powder-puff, and it leads the life of a hare, not making burrows, but entering burrows at times under the stress of danger. The track of a New England cottontail is given in Illustration 3.

As the cottontail bounds, the hind feet track ahead of the front feet, and the faster he goes the faster ahead his hind feet get. This is true of all

then gives an upright leap to take an observation, leaving a trail thus— (Illustration 7.)

A silly young jack will lose time by taking one in three for observation, but a clever old fellow is content with one in ten; and here was the trail of this jack straight away, but taking about one observation in twelve hops. He had made a fence a quarter-mile off, and there had sat for some time



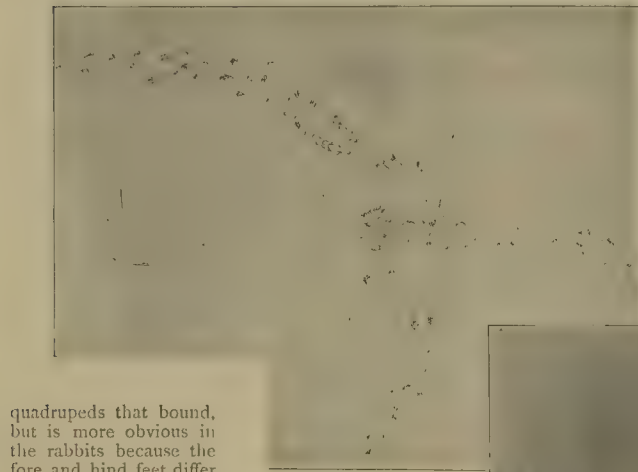
10.—OBSERVATION JUMPS IN THE LINE OF HOPS

observing, had then taken alarm and run toward a farmyard, a quarter-mile further, taking occasional observation hops. At the barn-yard fence he had sat for a time, then followed his back-trail to the main road, where possibly he had hoped to hide his trail. Down this he had gone, taking no observations. A dog was lying on a door-step by the road, and past this dog he had run, doing twenty-foot leaps. Two hundred yards down this road he had turned abruptly, as though a human still in sight had scared him. I now began to think the jack was close to, although, so far, I had not seen him. The trail led through several barbed-wire fences and some hedges, then made for another barn-yard after taking some observations which had resulted in his doubling his speed. The barn-yard was possessed of a cat, and a dangerous-looking dog in it; so I went around, and, of course, found the rabbit-track on the other side. He passed under several bad fences, then made for another barn-yard half a mile off. I was now satisfied that he was only a little ahead of me, so I ceased watching the track so closely, watching rather the open plain ahead; and far on, under a barbed-wire fence, sitting up watching me, I soon saw my jack. (Illustration 11.) He ran at once, and the line of his hops was so—(Illustration 10)—the high ones being observation.

He never let me get within two hundred yards, and he wasted but little time in observation. He had now taken me on a two-mile circuit and brought me back to the starting-point, and so had taught me this—a cunning old jack-rabbit lived in the region around which I had followed him, for they keep to their home-grounds. All his ways of running and observing, and of using barbed-wire fences, barn-yards, and hedges, showed that he was very clever; but the best proof of that was in the fact that he could

live and flourish on the edge of a town that was swarming with dogs and travelled over daily by men with guns.

The next day I had another opportunity of going to the jack-rabbit's home region. I did not see himself; but I saw his fresh tracks; then, later, saw where these



9.—WHERE THE JACK-RABBIT'S TRACK WAS DOUBLED.

quadrupeds that bound, but is more obvious in the rabbits because the fore and hind feet differ so much in size.

The jack-rabbit of Kansas is the best known of the long-eared jacks. His trail, compared with that of the cottontail, would be as in Illustrations 5 and 6.

The greater size of the marks and the double lengths of the bounds are the obvious but not important differences, because a young jack would come down to the cottontail standard. The two reliable differences I found are, first, the jack's feet are *rarely paired* when he is bounding at full speed. The cottontail pairs his hind feet but not his front. Animals which climb usually pair their front feet in running, just as tree-birds hop when on the ground. Second, the stroke that is shown (x in Illustration 5) is diagnostic of the southern jack-rabbit; it is the mark made by the long hanging tail.

Each of the four types of hare common in the temperate parts of America has its own style of tail and fashion of wearing it. (Illustration 4.)

The northern or white-tailed jack carries his snowy-white tail out straight behind, so its general pure white is visible.

The southern or black-tailed jack has his tail jet-black on the upper part, and he carries it straight down.

The varying hare has an inconsequent, upturned tuft, like a tear in his brown pantaloons, showing the white undergarment.

The cottontail has his latter end brown above, but he keeps it curled up tight on his back, so as to show nothing but the gleaming white puff of cotton on a helpful background of rich brown.

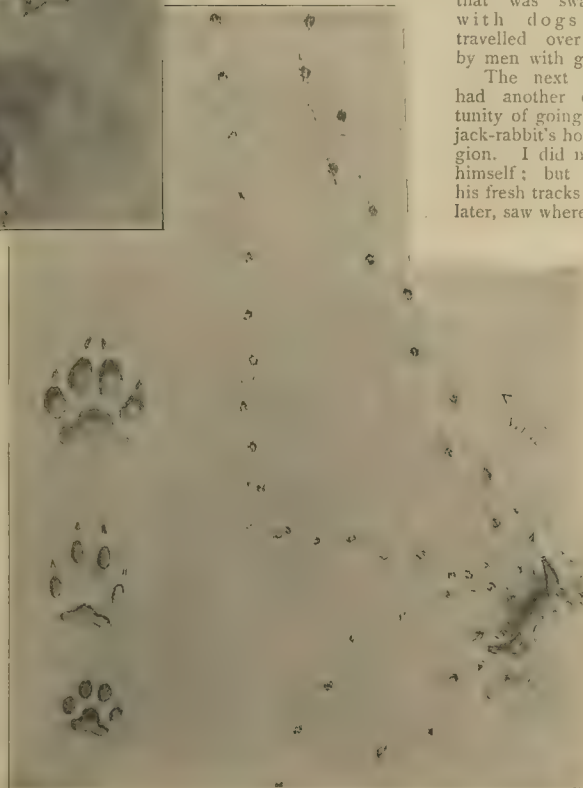
The cottontail's tail never touches the ground except when he sits down on it.

The most variable features of any animal are always its most specialised features. The jack-rabbit's tail-piece is much subject to variation, and the length and depth of the little intertrack-ial dash that it makes in the snow is a better guide to the individual that made it than would be the tracks of all four feet together.

During the February of 1902, I found myself with a day to spare. At the hotel-office at Newton, Kansas, I asked the usual question, "Any wild animals about here?" and got the usual answer, "No, all been shot off." I walked down the street four blocks from the hotel, and found a jack-rabbit trail in the snow. Later I found some cottontail tracks, though still in town. I walked a mile into the country, met an old farmer who said that "No rabbits were ever found around here." A quarter of a mile away was an orchard, and beside it a fence half buried in snow-drifts that were yellow with tall dead grass sticking through. This was promising, so I went



11.—A JUMPING JACK.



12.—DOG AND FOX TRAILS.

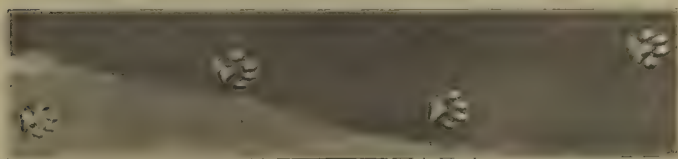
The three tracks on the left are (reading downwards) those of the dog, fox, and cat. The large, shallow marks on the fox-trail in the main drawing are brush-touches.

had joined on to the fresh tracks of another rabbit. I sketched all the salient points and noted how my big jack had followed the other. They had dodged about here and there, and then one had overtaken the other, and the meeting had been the reverse of unfriendly. I give the record that I sketched out there in the snow. I may be wrong, but I argue from this that the life of the hardy jack was not without its pleasures. (Illustration 9.)

Of more general interest to the English reader, perhaps, is the track of the fox.

My studies have been made chiefly in America, but the main facts are common.

I have spent many days—yes, and nights—on the trail, following, following patiently, reading this life of the beast, using note-book at every important march and change; many an odd new sign has turned up to be put on record and explained by later experience. Many a day has passed with nothing tangible in the way of reward; then, as in all hunting, there has come a streak of luck, a shower of facts and abundant reward for the barren weeks gone by, an



13.—THE FOOTMARKS IN HARD SNOW ON THE ICE.

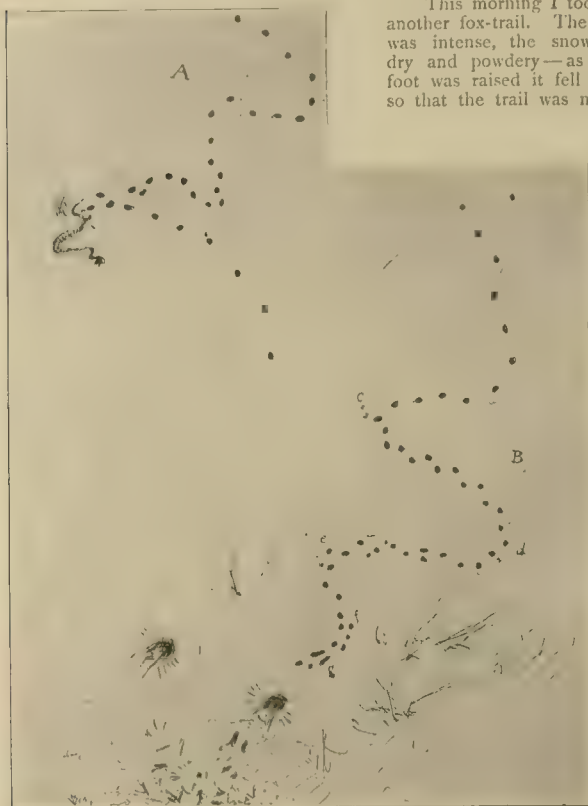
thither, and on the edge of the drift found a jack-rabbit form or den, with fresh tracks leading out and away at full speed. There were no tracks leading in, so he must have gone in there before the last snow came, and that was the night before. (Illustration 8.)

When a jack runs without fear of any enemy at hand, he goes much like a fox or an antelope, leaving a trail as in No. 5. But when an enemy is close at hand, he runs with long, low hops, from six to seven in succession,

insight into animal ways and mind that could not have been obtained any other way. For here it is written down by the animal itself in the oldest of all writing, and recording a chapter when the creature was pursuing its normal life.

One day, soon after the snow had come, I set out on one of the long decipherments. The day before, I had followed a fox-trail for three or four miles, to learn only that he tacked up wind and smelt at every log, bump, and tree that stuck through the snow; that he had followed a white hare at full speed, but was early left behind when the hare got into his ancient safety—the scrubby, brushy woods.

This morning I took up another fox-trail. The frost was intense, the snow was dry and powdery—as each foot was raised it fell back, so that the trail was merely



A.—His Finding of the Torpid Snake. B.—His Nosing Out of the Sleeping Grouse.
14.—THE RECORD OF THE FOX'S HUNTING.

a shapeless dimple in the whiteness. No tell-tale details of toes and claws were there, but still I knew it for a fox-trail. It was too small for a coyote. There were but two others that might have been confounded with it, one a very large house cat, the other a very small house-dog.

The fox has the supple paw of the cat; it spreads even more, but it shows the long, intractile claws. As a stepper the fox ranks close to the cat. His trail is noted also for its narrowness—that is, the feet are set nearly in one straight line. This in a trail usually means a swift animal, while the broadly spread marks, seen at a maximum in the badger, stand for great but sluggish strength. (Illustration 12.)

The place put the cat out of the reckoning; besides, at one or two places the paw had grazed the snow, showing two long furrows, the marks of claws that do not sheathe. Dog-marks, perhaps, but never a cat's. The marks were aligned like a cat's, but were fourteen inches apart, while it is rare for a cat to step more than ten.

They were not dog-marks; first, the probabilities were against it; second, the marks were nearly in a line, showing a chest too narrow for a dog. Then the toes did not drag, though there was four inches of snow. The register could not be distinguished, but there was one feature that settled all doubt—the big, soft, blowsy, shallow marks of the fox's brush, sometimes sweeping the snow at every yard, sometimes not at all for fifty steps, and telling me with certainty, founded in part on the other things—This is the trail of a fox.

Which way is he going? is the next question, not easy to answer when the toe-marks do not show. This is settled by the faint claw-marks already noted. If still in doubt, I can follow till the fox chances on some place under a thick tree or on ice where there is very little snow, and here a distinct impression may be found. I have often seen a curiously clear track across ice made by a gentle breeze blowing away all the snow except that pressed down hard by the impact of the toes, so that the black ice under has a row of clear-cut, raised tracks, a line of fox-track cameos, cut sharp on a black-ice base. (Illustration 13.)

For a mile or two I followed my fox. Nothing happened. I got only the thought that his life was largely made up of nose-investigation and unfavourable reports from the committee in charge. Then we came to a long, sloping hollow. The fox trotted down this, and near its lower end he got a nose-report of importance, for he had swung to the right and gone slowly—so said the short steps—zigzagging up the wind. Within fifteen feet the tracks in the course shortened from four to five feet to nothing, and ended in a small hole in a bank. From this the fox had pulled out a common, harmless garter-snake, torpid, curled up there, doubtless, to sleep away the winter. The fox chopped the snake across the spine with his powerful meat-cutters, killed it thus, dropped it on the snow, and then, without eating a morsel of it as far as I could see, he went on with his hunt. (Illustration 14, A.)

Why he should kill a creature that he could not eat I could not understand. I thought that ferocious sort of vice was limited to man and weasels, but clearly the fox was guilty of the human crime.

The dotted guide led me now, with many halts and devious turns, across a great marsh that had doubtless furnished many a fattened mouse in other days, but now the snow and ice forbade the hunt. On the far end the

country was open in places, with clumps of timber, and into this, from the open marsh, had blown a great bank of soft and drifted snow.

Manitoba winters are not noted for their smiling geniality or profusion of outdoor flowers. Frost and snow are sure to come early and continue till spring. The thermometer may be for weeks about zero-point. It may, on occasion, dip down to thirty—yes, even forty, degrees below, and whenever with that cold there also comes a gale of wind, it conjures up the awful tempest of the snow that is now of world-wide fame as the blizzard. The blizzard is a terror to wild life out on the plains. When it comes, the biggest, strongest, best clad, rush for shelter. They know that to face it means death. The prairie chickens or grouse have learned the lesson long ago. What shelter can they seek? There is only one, an Eskimo shelter, a snow-house—they can hide in the shelter of the snow.

As the night comes, with the fearful frost and driving clouds of white, the chicken dives into a snow-drift; not on the open plain, for there the snow is hammered hard by the wind, but on the edge of the woods, where tall grasses' spears or scattering twigs stick up through, and keep the snow from packing. Deep in this the chickens dive, each making a place for itself. The wind wipes out all traces, levels off each hole and hides them well. There they remain till the morning, warm and safe, unless—and here is the chief danger—some wild animal comes by during the night, finds them in there, and seizes them before they can escape.

This chapter of grouse-history was an old story to the fox; and coming near the woodland edge, his shortened steps showed that he knew it for a Land of Promise. (Illustration 14, B.)

At c he came to a sudden stop. Some wireless message on the wind had warned him of game at hand. He paused here with foot upraised. I knew it, for there was his record of the act. The little mark there was not a track, but the paw-tip's mark, showing that the fox had not set the foot down, but held it poised in a pointer-dog pose, as his nose was harkening to the tale-tale wind.

Then from c to d he went slowly, because the steps were so short, and now he paused: the promising scent was lost. He stood in doubt, so said the tell-tale snow in the only universal tongue. Then the hunter turned and slowly worked towards e, while frequent broad touches in the snow continued the guarantee that the maker of these tracks was neither docked nor spindle-tailed.

From e to f the shortened steps, with frequent marks of pause and pose, showed how the scent was warning—how well the fox knew some good thing was near.

At f he stood still for some time with both feet set down in the snow, so it was written. Now was the critical time, and straight up the redolent wind he went, following his nose, cautiously and silently as possible, realising that now a single heedless step might spoil the hunt.

At g were the deeply imprinted marks of both hind feet, showing where the fox sprang just at the moment when from the spotless snow-drift just ahead there broke out two grouse that had been slumbering below. Away they went with a *whirr, whirr*, fast as wing could bear them; but one was just a foot too slow; the springing fox secured him in the air. At h he landed with him on the prairie, and had a meal that is a fox's



15.—A HOT BIRD INSTEAD OF A COLD SNAKE.

ideal in time of plenty, and now, in deep, hard winter, must have been a banquet of delight. (Illustration 15.)

Now for the first time I saw the meaning of the dead garter-snake far back on the trail. Snake at no time is nice eating, and cold snake on a cold day must be a mighty cold meal. Clearly the fox thought so. He would rather take the chance of getting something better. He killed the snake; so it could not get away. It was not likely anyone would steal from him that unfragrant carcase, so he would come back and get it later if he must.

But, as we see, he did not have to do so. His faith and patience were amply justified, for, instead of a cold unpleasant snake, he fed on a fine hot bird.

Thus I got a long, autobiographical chapter of fox-life by simply following his tracks through the snow (see heading). I never once saw the fox himself that made it, and yet I know—and you know—it to be true as I have told it.

THE END.

OUR COMING ROYAL VISITOR: THE KING OF SPAIN AT HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME, PIGEON-SHOOTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUSSEAU FLAVIENS.



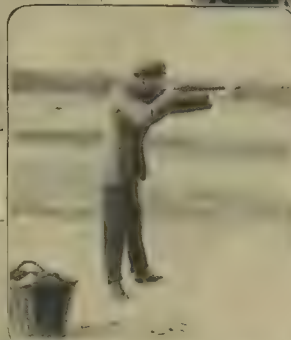
KING ALFONSO PIGEON-SHOOTING AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE: WAITING FOR THE PIGEON TO COME OUT.



THE KING'S INFORMAL LUNCHEON AT THE PIGEON-SHOOTING CLUB AT MADRID.



THE KING AT HIS PRIVATE SHOOTING-GROUND AT THE CASA CAMPO AT MADRID.



THE KING AT A SHOOTING-PARTY AT THE CASA CAMPO.



KING AT ONE OF THE FINEST SHOTS FOR HIS AGE IN EUROPE.



THE KING KEEPING HIS OWN SCORE.



THE KING AND HIS COUSIN, THE DUKE OF TARRAGONA, AT THE PIGEON-SHOOTING CLUB.



HIS MAJESTY READY TO FIRE.

The Casa Campo, the royal country residence, park, and farm, is within an hour's walk of Madrid. There the King and Queen Maria Christina go every day, the Queen by mule-carriage, and the King on horseback. His Majesty seldom lets a day pass without practising pigeon-shooting on his private grounds, and he is already a magnificent shot. Only a few days ago he took a medal at St. Sebastian.



THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES: TOURISTS UNDER THE PORTICO OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

DRAWN BY S. BEEG.

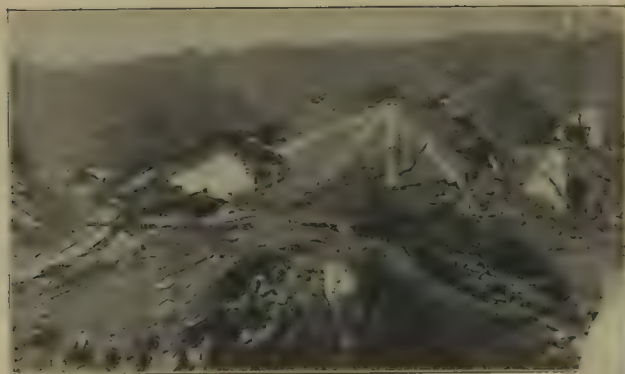
PRACTISING THE MOST POPULAR EVOLUTION AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT: THE GUNNERS' MUSICAL DRIVE.

DRAWN (DURING REHEARSAL) BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.



PRACTICE ON PRIMROSE HILL: A REHEARSAL FOR THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

"G" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, rehearsed at Primrose Hill the difficult and fascinating musical drive which the gunners present annually at the Agricultural Hall. The battery, with the horses at full gallop, executes the sharpest turnings and clears narrow gates with the most wonderful precision.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: FRONT VIEW OF MR. MACBEAN'S HOUSE IN THE KANGRA VALLEY AFTER THE SHOCK.



LILIAN MACBEAN AT THE DOOR OF HER FATHER'S HOUSE, BY THE FALL OF WHICH SHE WAS KILLED.



INTERIOR OF THE BEDROOM WHERE LILIAN MACBEAN WAS KILLED.



LILIAN
BEATRICE
MACBEAN,
AGED NINE,
KILLED
APRIL 4, 1905.



WHERE TWO HUNDRED PILGRIMS PERISHED: THE LOST CITY, TAVALI MUKKI.

A LITTLE VICTIM OF THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE, AND THE SCENE OF HER DEATH.

Mr. Macbean's house on his tea estate in the Kangra Valley was destroyed by the shock, and his little girl was killed in her bedroom. The ruined city of Tavalimukki, where two hundred pilgrims were killed, was famous for its Fire Temple. Many of its citizens also perished in the catastrophe.



TOGO'S MAIN POINT OF OBSERVATION IN THE CHINA SEA: SOUTH CAPE, FORMOSA.

DRAWN BY AILAN STEWART FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. A. CORDIE, F.R.G.S.

South Cape is the extreme southern point of the Island of Formosa, and will be jealously watched by Togo, as the Baltic Fleet must either pass to the east or to the west of it. It is improbable that they will pass through the west, up the Fokien Strait, owing to the presence of a Japanese naval force in the Pescadore Islands. The only alternative is, therefore, for Kuznetsovsky to pass between Formosa and the Philippines by the Bashi Channel, which is perfectly commanded by South Cape. The anchorage is magnificent, and would accommodate the largest battle-ship. On the promontory is an occulting light erected by the Chinese to serve as a point of guidance for ships going north and south.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MIND AND MEDICINE.

There is an Eastern saying to the effect that he who can perfectly control his passions is as great as a General commanding a large army. The saying has its parallel in more than one tongue; but of its wisdom no doubt can be entertained. Truth to tell, every individual is responsible for the discharge of serious duties in the way of self-government, and recently a foreign savant has been devoting a little of his spare time to the consideration of the question whether or not there is a science of self-control. With a very practical mind our friend argues that if people could get even a little help of scientific kind by way of enabling them, say, to control anger, to dissipate needless jealousy and suspicion, to strengthen good resolutions against drunkenness, and so forth, the world would be very much happier and therefore better than it is.

There is rather an attractive side to such speculations, in that they raise a goodly number of interesting questions, and because they represent an attempt to deduce practical results from purely theoretical considerations. Our author gives us no illustrations of the possible manner in which he thinks a science of the emotions should help us, but I think I can find a few examples which may serve to show that we are not quite so destitute of scientific aid in the control of our lives as some of us might be led to suppose. Nor need we dive very deeply into things to discover whence such aid can be derived. To be master of oneself, to be temperate, to avoid excesses, to control our baser emotions and feelings, and to deal justly by all men—these things, it may be said, represent the exercise of the Christian virtues, and are therefore matters for the pulpit and the ethical platform rather than for the laboratory. The apparent impossibility of ministering to "a mind diseased" is a phrase which might also be remembered in this connection.

I might go the length of suggesting that many a mind distressed has been saved from upset by the judicious use of a sleeping-draught by the doctor. What rest of our brain-cells implies when they are worn out by ordinary insomnia, most of us know. Similarly in the case of grief, with its added worry, repose must mean everything. I do not hesitate to say that the potion which sends folks into the arms of "the drowsy god" has enabled many a one to wake up and look out upon a different world from that which faced him when, tired, wearied, and stricken, he had felt as if life emphatically was not worth living. So long as men were content to employ the term "mind," when they really meant to indicate a material "brain"—for what "mind" may be we know not—so long they imagined that mind troubles could not be touched by the hand of science. We are wiser to-day. We not only feed and treat our insane according to scientific and rational principles, but, recognising that the sooner the cure of a material brain ailment is commenced the greater the hope of perfect recovery, we begin such treatment very early indeed.

It may be argued that in such cases we are dealing with material brain-cells in need of better blood or wanting some other condition for their perfect working. This is true enough, but it is precisely these active living cells which are affected by, or more truly are the seat of origin of all our emotions. It is their influence on the body which wreaks out the vengeance of our passions upon us. Take a well-known case which illustrates very aptly the unity of emotion viewed from the mental and from the physical side. It is a fact that the milk-secretion both in human life and in lower animals can be so instantaneously affected by emotions as to render it poisonous to the young being. The case of a mother dog, suckling her young, and startled in vicious anger to defend them from attack, is very much to the point. The milk-secretion may undergo such a change in consequence of the dog's rage that her puppies are either poisoned outright or rendered very ill by the subsequent drawing of the milk. Analogous cases occur within the human domain showing forth the influence of "mind" over matter or brain over body.

It might be possible to show in other directions like results by way of proving that emotions of unbridled kind produce effects such as we are tempted to regard as beyond our control. The doctrine of irresponsibility, however, is a double-edged weapon, and it is a dangerous argument when its claims are unduly pushed. So many of us pin our faith to the idea that we begin life each with a clean-slate constitution, on which the world and ourselves conjointly write these details which go to build up character. This is not the case, for each of us is a complex bundle of traits inherited from a legion of ancestors, and it largely depends on our training whether the good shall outweigh the evil in us or vice versa.

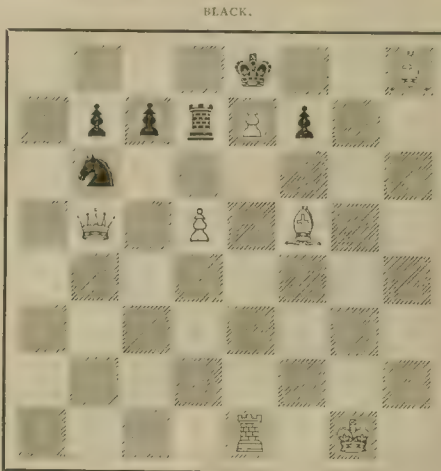
I hold that science can do a very great deal already to assist in the formation of character, which implies, in the legitimate use of the term, the repression of our shady side. First of all, there is the maintenance of health, and with it the development of the power of inhibition, which may be correctly enough described as that of being able to say "No" at the proper times and proper seasons. Strength of character, I am tempted to think, is often but another name for health of body. If it be thought that this is a very mundane fashion of regarding life, I would add that there will always be a sufficient margin of emotion left to prevent existence from being deadly dull. Given health, it may be reckoned that a good many of the virtues will follow naturally in its train. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

R. BEE (Colsterworth).—We greatly admire your perseverance, and have every hope of finding a suitable problem in your compositions. We have to draw the line, however, at four-movers, no matter from whom.
J. W. HAYNES (Winchester).—Thanks for problems, which shall be examined. You must look at No. 1185 a second time.
H. M. PHILLIPS (Bristol).—The author of No. 3184 appreciates your complimentary criticism.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3171 and 3172 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3182 from Geo. Dovey Farmer, M.D. (Amesbury, Ontario); of No. 3183 from Edward H. Brilla (Valletta).
K. NUGENT (Southwold), and P. B. (Worthing); of No. 3184 from A. W. Roberts (Sandhurst), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Alfred Allen (Tunworth), H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), K. Nugent, and J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3185 received from Albert Wolf (Putney), Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), H. S. Brandreth (Bellagio), F. Lewis (Brighton), L. Desanges, Robert Bee (Colsterworth), Edith Corser (Reigate), F. A. Hancock (Bristol), T. Roberts, A. Messenger (Bridgford), H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), Sorrento, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), G. Stillingfield Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Burnett, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), W. Hopkinson (Derby), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), A. Belcher (Wycombe), Doryman, A. Garrett (Manchester), Shadforth, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), R. Worters (Canterbury), K. Nugent (Southwold), A. W. Roberts (Sandhurst), F. Henderson (Leeds), H. S. Brandreth (Bellagio), and J. D. Tucker (Ilkley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3184.—By J. W. ARBORELL.
WHITE.
1. Q to K 8th
2. Q to B 7th (ch)
3. R Mates.
BLACK.
P to B 4th
K moves
If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. B to R 4th; and if 3. any other, then 2. Kt to R 5th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3187.—By W. GREENWOOD.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. CURT and CURT.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)
WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q 4th 17. Q to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd 18. B takes Kt
3. B to B 4th 19. P to Q 5th
4. P to K 3rd 20. Very effective, and with a fine sense of position.
5. B to Q 3rd 21. P takes Q (ch)
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd 22. P to R 5th
7. P to K R 3rd 23. P takes Q
8. P to B 3rd 24. P takes B
9. Kt to K 5th 25. P takes Kt
10. Q to B 3rd 26. K takes P
11. Castles Q R 27. P takes R
12. Bold play, which, had Black got his pieces in better position, would afford opportunity for a dangerous counter-attack. It serves admirably, however, in the end.
13. P takes P 28. K to Q 2nd
14. K P takes P 29. P to Kt 4th
15. B takes Kt 30. P to Kt 5th
16. Kt to K 4th 31. P takes P
17. B takes R 32. P to Kt 4th
The ending has been conducted with remorseless vigour, every move telling heavily against Black.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of Franklin Chess Club, Philadelphia, between Messrs. VOIGHT and MORGAN.

(French Defence.)
WHITE (Mr. V.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th 17. P to K B 4th
2. P to Q 4th 18. B to K Kt 5th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd 19. B to Kt 4th
4. Kt takes P 20. R to Q 4th
5. K Kt to B 3rd 21. Very unpleasant, but there is nothing better, as the threatened K to K 6th overhauling.
6. Kt to K 3rd 22. Q takes Kt
7. B to Q 3rd 23. Q to K 4th
8. B to K Kt 5th 24. Q to K Kt 3rd
9. B to K 3rd 25. P takes B
10. Q to K 2nd 26. P takes R
11. Castles R P 27. B takes R
12. Kt takes P 28. B takes R
13. P takes Kt 29. Q takes P (ch)
14. Q R to Q sq 30. Q takes R
15. P to Q 4th 31. R to Q 4th
16. B takes R 32. R to Q 4th
The combination which this move initiates is well defined, but not quite deep enough. The ensuing play is clever on both sides, but White has to pay the penalty of an unsound calculation.
17. Q to B 3rd
18. B takes Kt
19. P takes B
20. B takes R
21. B takes R
22. B takes R
23. B takes R
24. B takes R
25. B takes R
26. B takes R
27. B takes R
28. B takes R
29. B takes R
30. B takes R
31. B takes R
32. B takes R

The death is announced of a very old contributor to this column in the person of Lieutenant Colonel Charles White, R.A.M.C., who, under the initials of "C. W. of Sanbury," was one of the best-known problem composers of his day. His delight was in simple positions with pretty mates, and he worked on these lines with great ingenuity and success. He was a man of a few years ago will give endless pleasure to those who care for beauty rather than depth in problem composition. We regret also to notice the death of Mr. Thomas Winter Wood, a great supporter of chess in the West of England, and father of that famous trio of composers, Mrs. W. J. Baird, E. J. Winter Wood, and Carslake Winter Wood.

The revised programme of the International Chess Tournament, to be held at Ostend from June 10 to July 15, has just been issued, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Gunsberg, the director of the proceedings, on the enterprise and completeness of his scheme. The liberality of the prize-list can be judged from the fact that the ordinary prizes are sixteen in number, ranging from 5000 francs to 100 francs, with ten special prizes added for exceptional games, while all players will be the guests of the committee during the continuance of the Tournament. We sincerely trust a great success will reward the labours of those who have drawn up so generous a programme.

THE ADMIRAL AT LARGE.

For all that he has troubled the Chancelleries and threatened the peace of Europe, a certain measure of appreciation for Admiral Rozhdestvensky mingles with our thoughts of the Baltic Squadron. The sailor on whom Russian hopes are set leads what his enemies call a *kesshitai*, a sort of forlorn hope; but he leads it with a vigour and determination that will not fail to win the admiration of his gallant foes. As far as we can rely upon the news that reaches these shores, the Admiral is a strong man armed, and such as he appeal very strongly to the imagination of Britons, who realise that all they have won and hope to keep has been approached in a spirit of daring. We are not less the allies and sympathisers of Japan in her trial and of France in her diplomatic difficulties because Rozhdestvensky is following the example of Nelson and turning a blind eye to the orders of his masters.

This panic created by the Russian Admiral is a curious commentary upon the state of law and order into which Europe has fallen. We have come to regard treaties and obligations as things having a force other than the assent of a tranquil world, and are horrified when time and a man demonstrate the ineffectiveness of the written word. Admiral Rozhdestvensky finds himself some thousand of miles to the east of Suez, where, as the laureate of the Imperialist has observed in the chaste diction he has made his own, "there ain't no Ten Commandments." With a fleet of sixty vessels that may be said to carry the fortunes of his Imperial master, in the neighbourhood of the enemy's country, with the knowledge that the best ships of the Russian fleet lie full fathoms deep, and that the military power of his country lies shattered on the stricken fields of Manchuria, the Admiral will not consider etiquette or treaties. He is a man engaged in a desperate enterprise, with the odds against him. If Carl Joubert is to be believed, he carries under his orders many men sworn to assist the enemy in the interest of the social revolution. He is coming face to face with a foe that knows neither the bitterness of defeat nor the fear of death. He is in a region where hostility is either open and unashamed, or wears the guise of a neutrality that is hostile in effect. Behind him the telegraph ticks off warning messages; before him Admiral Togo, a man with what Wendell Holmes has called "a three-decker brain," awaits the proper moment to open a deadly attack. We may want Japan to win; we may fear an extension of the fighting area that might set all Europe pulling chestnuts out of the fire to provide dessert for the little tin gods of the Wilhelmstrasse, but we must acknowledge Rozhdestvensky's predicament, and admit that he has handled it with something of the Viking spirit.

He does not stand in our eyes as a representative of the men who plunged Russia into a war for sordid considerations, or for the corrupt heads of the services who may be seen in St. Petersburg and Moscow blazing with decorations earned in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, and fighting only with their tongues. He appeals to us not as a politician but as a sailor, determined to do and perhaps fated to die, and likely in doing or dying to brighten the record of the Russian arms. Stories of his suppression lack authority.

We are perhaps too near to Rozhdestvensky, despite the intervening oceans, to realise the magnitude of his endeavour or his justification from his own national standpoint. The spoken and the written word beset us; they have become part of our life. But the Admiral has left them far behind him; he is face to face with action, and to him diplomacy is but a voice crying in the wilderness. They say that the Tsar, instigated by his advisers at the Russian Admiralty, sent a telegram to Rozhdestvensky asking where his fleet was stationed. A dispatch-boat managed to find one of the Russian scouts, and the telegram reached its destination. The answer read as follows: "For the present I am in hiding."

"All that a man hath he will give for his life," and Admiral Rozhdestvensky has more than his own life in his keeping. On his armoured ships and his cruisers alone he has upwards of ten thousand men, and there are more than thirty other vessels under his command, if we include auxiliary cruisers, destroyers, the volunteer fleet, and the hospital-ships. As a sailor it is his business to bring this armada to battle, or to some anchorage under the guns of Vladivostok in the best possible condition to serve his country's cause. The collective wisdom of Europe cries out to him, "You have no naval base, no dépôt for stores, no coaling facilities: go out to where Admiral Togo is waiting and die as gloriously as you can; but be sure that you die, and quickly, because your continued existence is damaging to the prospects of peace." In reply the Admiral says—in deeds, not words—"Je prends mon bien là où je le trouve," and mauge the diplomatists, he cleans his ships, restocks them, gives his men a rest, and demands that his removal be compassed, if at all, by force. All this is annoying, perhaps dangerous, to us and to France, but in a sense it is magnificent—and it is war.

We do not believe that Admiral Rozhdestvensky's brilliant handling of the Baltic Fleet will alter the issue of the campaign. He cannot hope to instil into the rank-and-file under his command a sense of the high purpose that animates him. He does not lead free men and patriots to die gloriously in a good cause; he leads unwilling men, and holds his fleet together by means of the most Spartan discipline. Against the Japanese, who combine Eastern disregard of life with Western fertility of resource, mere valour will not serve in lieu of brains, and as the Japanese are better than the Russians, man for man, there is every reason to believe that the Baltic Fleet will fare no better than the ships that met an inglorious end under the hills of Port Arthur.

But, for all that, we think that posterity will acclaim Admiral Rozhdestvensky for making the best of a very arduous task. S. L. B.

HOLIDAYS IN IRELAND: IDEAL PARKNASILLA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCHE.



VIEW FROM PARKNASILLA HOTEL.



BISHOP'S HOUSE HOTEL.

Ask anyone to name the beauty-spot *par excellence* of Ireland, and the unhesitating answer will be Killarney, whose wonderful lakes have made it the focus towards which the eyes of the sight-seeing world are directed. There men and women foregather to see pictures painted by the hand of Nature such as no artist—not even a magician like Turner—can transcribe on canvas with all the wealth of pigments at his command.

Yet, though it may seem heresy to say so, the beauties of Killarney have a rival in Parknasilla, which adds the romance of the sea to the glamour of an inland holiday resort.

Thanks to the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, to whose enterprise the traveller owes the ever-increasing facilities for visiting new pleasure-grounds with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of cost, Parknasilla's charms are now easy of access to every visitor to Ireland in general and to Killarney in particular. Killarney itself, as everyone knows, is but a short four hours' journey from Dublin, and a delightful coach-ride from Killarney by way of Kenmare takes the holiday-maker to Parknasilla.

That it is not generally known is due to its having been opened up to the tourist only during the last few years; but every season more visitors go to the district, which stands on an inlet of the great sea-lough called the Kenmare River, and has been described as a marine Paradise. Beauty is piled on beauty to delight the eye; while the charm of a climate sub-tropical in its mildness, with sea-breezes tempering the rigour of the noontide sun and the hills in the neighbourhood standing as bulwarks against the cold



ON GARINISH ISLAND, PARKNASILLA.

night winds, lures the wayfarer to prolong his stay. Nor need he fear that any moment of that stay will be dull, however varied may be his tastes. The golf links are well-nigh perfect; the sea-fishing is excellent; the bathing could not be bettered, for there are sheltered channels when the sea is rough; while the boating is splendid and the water excursions numerous—across the Kenmare River being Derreen, the seat of the Marquess of Lansdowne, which the

King and the Queen visited a couple of years ago; while half an hour across the Bay is the Island of Garinish, where growths which love the moisture and warmth thrive in a remarkable variety, from ferny glades to dark thickets of giant rhododendrons.

Parknasilla was originally the retreat of Dr. Graves, Bishop of Limerick, and his house has been converted into an hotel, while near it is another, the Southern Hotel, of the most luxurious and up-to-date character, also under the management of the Great Southern and Western Railway. Like every other establishment superintended by this liberal and progressive Company, those two indispensable, cleanliness and comfort, are specially offered to those of limited as to those of unlimited means, while the former are protected against over-charge by fixed tariffs for coaches, boats, etc., so that the exact cost of a given expedition may be known before setting out. Among these expeditions, in addition to Garinish, is Sneem, only two miles away, while further afield, on the road to Kenmare, is the Blackwater, which is crossed at the Blackwater Bridge, where rich woods, rushing streams, and deep pools make a perfect combination

of scenery, backed, as they are in the landscape, with the Beoun and Mullaghanattin Hills towering 2500 feet above the road. Thence the journey may be prolonged to Kenmare (renowned for its hand-made lace) and even to Killarney, while nearer still to Parknasilla than Sneem is the Knockanamadame Hill, less than a thousand feet in height and not difficult of ascent, yet every step towards the summit reveals a beauty of its own.



AT SNEEM, PARKNASILLA.



LADIES' BATHING-PLACE, PARKNASILLA.



THE KING'S LONDON HEADQUARTERS: BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM THE NORTH.

Very few people have any idea of the grouping of the buildings of Buckingham Palace, as the only view possible to the man in the street is that of the main front. Even the presence of the extensive gardens and the lake is not generally realised, for the palace and its grounds have a curious knack of concealment. The great terrace on the right overlooking the gardens has been the scene of many private reviews and presentations of medals.



HOW HAPPY YOU WOULD BE WITH EITHER !

LADIES' PAGES.

at the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium for C
at Davos to show forth the influence of won
full expression. Fourteen ladies of position each
undertook to preside at a table, and the
room they invited to be present responded to such
good purpose that over £3,000 was collected.

the one
with consump It is
the open-air and full-feeding
that fell disease is often
such a high altitude as
preparation for cure. Hither-
of the least
but fourteen
that the sum
for eighty patients may be
is no less than £35,0
of Marlborough and
eddale, Lady Balfour
fourteen "Hostesses"
the occasion was delightful
can be repeated

celebration of the Jubilee of the Young
Women's Christian Association, that she
is an accomplished orator. Her Grace
wore at the dinner a dress of black satin
recalled the

lace
roses, and by
girls, with diamonds
coiffure and a collar
throat. The Duchess
luck, in

had agreed upon this
Her gown was silk and velvet



VISITING-GOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

brocade, and the bodice was much trimmed with jet. The numerous diamonds of the finest sparkle worn redeemed the black gowns from any monotony. Nor was the whole of the company so quietly gowned. One handsome dress was of taffetas in rose-pink shot with silver, heavily embroidered in silver in a deep floral design. Another was of pastel green taffetas chiffon embroidered with mother-o'-pearl sequins and trimmed with lovely old lace all down the front, finished by a wide fringe of diamonds at the right side of the décolletage, and a long trail of scarlet geraniums at the other.

Another pretty entertainment with a benevolent intent was the exhibition and sale of lace held at Lord Battersea's lovely house just opposite the Marble Arch. This house enshrines many exquisite works of art, including Burne-Jones's "Golden Stair." Princess Alexander of Teck, still better known to us as Princess Alice of Albany, performed the opening ceremony, and looked very nice in a dress of grey taffetas over pink, and a grey crinoline-hat with pink roses in it. The primary object was to sell the lace made by North Buckinghamshire workers, but the interest of the occasion centred chiefly in the charming and rare laces lent for exhibition by the Princess of Wales, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and other owners of rare and valuable pieces of this most delightful of fabrics. The Princess of Wales sent the lovely Honiton flounce that was worn by her mother on her wedding-dress, and also a piece of filmy point d'Alençon that once was the property of the royal great-grandmother of her Royal Highness, Queen Charlotte. Princess Henry of Battenberg also displayed a magnificent flounce that was formerly the property of Queen Charlotte, who must have been particularly fond of this refined form of splendour, judging by her taste in choosing her laces. A remarkable and touching group was formed by three lace robes that once belonged respectively to Queen Marie Antoinette, to Napoleon's discarded wife Josephine, and to the unhappy Austrian Princess who was compelled to become his second Empress. The North Bucks Association is to be congratulated on this fine display, as well as on the success of its efforts to revive this industry.

Rich brocades and shimmering silks are to be worn at the next Drawing-Room. How true it is that whatever may be the prevailing fashion seems at the moment the most charming idea imaginable! Transparent trains, lace mounted on chiffon, and the most airy effects possible for the underdress seemed, but a couple of seasons ago, the perfection of Court dress. But now it is the turn, once again, of the more stately and magnificent materials, and again all is for the best in the best of the world of styles. Lace there is in all possible abundance on the Court gowns now preparing, but it is seen mounted on more substantial fabrics; it is again fulfilling its function as a trimming and not being treated as a material. Its transparency does really better suit being supported on some more solid fabric placed beneath it. The

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Mr. HARRY DE WINDT, the Great Explorer,

writes: "I think it right to tell you that on my return from my recent Land Expedition from Paris to New York I was practically bald; the few hairs I had left were rapidly coming out. I had only used your 'HARLENE' for two months, and am perfectly astounded at its marvellous results. My hair has ceased dropping out, and is growing again quite thickly, and I can safely testify from personal experience to the marvellous effects of your 'HARLENE.'"

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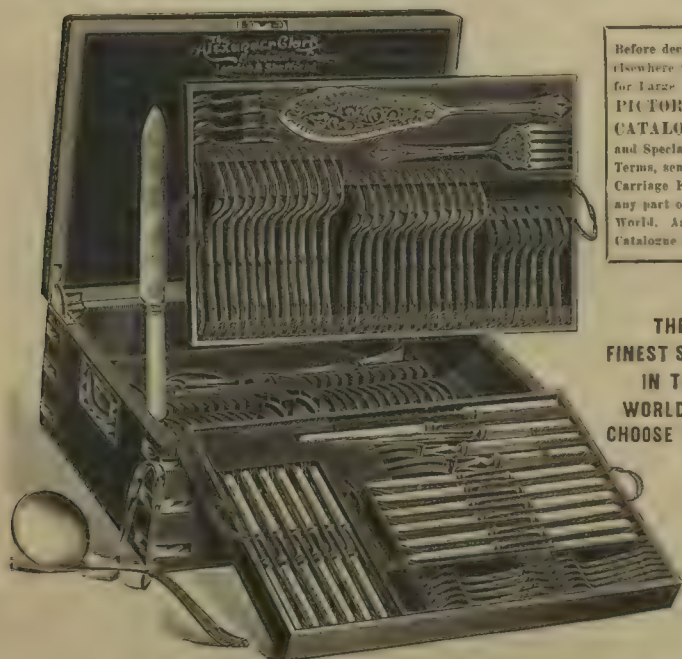
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brocades are exquisite this year, so are the shot silks, especially those newest effects in which three colours can be traced in different lights. These are very aptly described as "chameleons." Pink, green, and silver; green, blue, and grey; rose-colour, emerald, and yellow (the "sunset chameleon," if you please, and violet, pale gold, and delicate blue—such are the triple shades that are cleverly combined in the new chiffon taffetas that are largely coming to light at the next Court. Then the soft chiffon velours is most tempting, so stately are the folds that it takes; and a superb gown in cherry-red velours, softened by abundant applications of creamy antique lace and branches of white lilac, promises to be one of the successes of the occasion. Then there are the brocades, innumerable visions of loveliness in design and in colour. The most striking gown that I have seen, so far, however, owed its *chic* and originality to needlework. It is a heavy and rich white satin on which is applied irises and their spiky leaves in their natural purple and green, and some others in black, all cut out in perfect shape in coloured Lyons velvet, and applied by embroidery to the white satin, and then the whole embroidered all over with satin in a, at some gold, some mother-of-pearl, and some beaded. Her intermingled. These embroidered decorations appear on both front and underdress, but the corsage is wholly covered with lace, held down with the buttonholes alone, the dress not appearing there save in the form of a cluster of the natural flower set against the left shoulder and bosom.

Parasols are a feature of the costumes now, for though the sun may not be very obtrusive in his smiles, the articles themselves are so charming that they are taken into the Park as a finish to the toilette, even if not absolutely needed for service. There are some all of Irish crochet, a very fine thread being used for the centre, and a coarser variety forming the flounces that gracefully drape the parasol nearer the edge. These lace ones and likewise those all in chiffon, plain or painted, demand a gracious handle; rose-pink or diamond-clear crystal balls, hand-painted china, enamel set with semi-precious stones, are the sort of handle that they call for. Most of the new embroidered to make some pretty parasol covers; and others have a deep coloured silk or velvet on a light with embroidered chiffon, one layer of it only used so as to show the colour beneath. The simpler taffetas sunshades matching the colour of the dress, or of a rich pink through which the sunlight strains on to the complexion with a pretty tinting effect, are always useful. A new kind of parasol that can be carried with any toilette, morning or afternoon, is one of white embroidered linen



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

Soft rose-petal chiffon builds this elegant confection. The softly falling pleats are held in place by bands of lace that are used with a Princess effect, and ribbon of a slightly darker pink folded at the waist and drawn up to the shoulder completes the scheme.

lined with a coloured silk, and having the handle in wood enamelled to the same tint as the lining.

English weather is notoriously treacherous in spring, and it is not till fullest summer weather arrives that we can dispense with mantles, while sensible women never cease in the hottest weather, when checked perspiration is so dangerous, to wear a light make of wool, and to see that their children are protected by the same hygienic precaution against sudden sharp winds and abrupt chilling after rapid exercise. An excellent invention for present use is Dr. Rasurel's Peat and Wool Underclothing. This is quite unique, having some fibres manufactured from peat combined with those of pure wool; the advantages are the more ready absorption of perspiration and the consequent protection from chills, and the prevention of shrinking. Many leading firms keep Dr. Rasurel's goods, whether for men, women, or children. A pamphlet giving a list of these firms, prices, and other details can be had by post from the head office on application to H. Clauzier, 105, Wood Street, E.C.

People who cannot come to town to choose in person the goods they want are in luck now days in the discovery of the beautiful new "three-four process" of reproducing pictures that Messrs. Hampton have exploited to its full value in their latest catalogues. For every department of this great furnishing house there are special catalogues to be had, and one just issued is a most admirable and effective booklet on the "Fabrics for Furnishing Purposes," showing exactly the designs which hitherto have been practically non-producible in mere black and white. In these booklets, the colouring of the dainty fabrics is seen, as well as the designs, and it is perfectly feasible to choose the chintz, or the silk taffetas, or the tapestry, or the printed linen for your new curtains, or chair-coverings, or casement or other draperies from the illustrations. Some of the designs now to be had in inexpensive fabrics are reproductions from exquisite old-world brocades, the originals of which are in connoisseurs' collections, such as the "Chantilly" tapestry, a Louis Seize design of scrolls and medallions and tiny birds, or the "St. Cyr" brocaded silk, which has Louis Quinze bouquets with ribbon work. The catalogue of all varieties of white curtains and lace blinds is also full of illustrations, and other booklet will be sent free by post from Hampton's, Pall Mall East.

Delightfully refreshing on a warm day is a dash of Scrubb's Ammonia in the water for the bath. It is so good for the complexion too, as it softens the water and neutralises those qualities, ruinous to the skin, that give "hardness" to water. A bottle should stand always on the toilet-table, for it is useful continually. Laces, hair-brushes, the toilet ware, and everything that one wishes to see dainty are instantly cleansed by its aid without trouble.

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The corn flour as a hot baked pudding—the prunes stewed and cooled. The hot and cold go well together. Of course the Corn Flour must be

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"Patent."

ART NOTES.

At the Grafton Galleries a large portion of one of the finest of modern private collections of pictures is now offered to the public eye. The late Mr. Staats Forbes was a collector of extraordinary intelligence and zeal. His main enthusiasm—it was for the Barbizon School—was a lucky enthusiasm, both for him and for his country. Few Englishmen had the foresight to discover that the works of Corot and Millet, Harpignies and Monticelli were imperishable treasures, and that the purchase of them was the wisest of investments. Mr. Forbes combined a true artistic instinct with a keen appreciation of business. We hear of him studying a favourite Corot in the early light of five o'clock on a London summer morning, in preparation, perhaps, for feats of prowess at the stormy board-meetings of excited railway companies.

His offices at Victoria Station were truly the headquarters of an industrious organiser and administrator, but the collector of pictures was not far away. In numerous tin-boxes at these offices were stored his water-colour drawings; while his house in Chelsea was packed with incomparable oil-paintings. Eighty examples of Corot's art were there—a noble number. And many of these may now be seen at the Grafton Galleries, including that most important and most beautiful work, "L'Arcadie." Here is the height of Corot's achievement, and a picture which would most worthily represent one of the greatest of landscape painters in any national collection. What an acquisition would it be for our own National

Gallery, where Barbizon is not represented by a single canvas! Nor is such an opportunity to be scorned; for while many slighter pictures by the same hand will always be procurable at a moderate figure, such an example as "L'Arcadie" is one of four or five masterpieces, and will assuredly be unobtainable in a few

years. The possession of such a picture by the nation would secure a new region, as it were, for the visitor to the National Gallery, and would introduce him to the great modern era of painting as perhaps no other single picture could. Corot discovered not merely a world of new beauties, but also a new and epoch-making style. Style was the man, indeed, in his case; for the mode of

picture that was his will justify. For the elegant and exquisite art of Harpignies he had most sensible liking, and his collection of that artist's work is perhaps the most representative in existence. Harpignies well deserves to find place near to Corot, for he takes a higher than secondary place among the great landscapists. The lovely lines of his composition, the colour that so exquisitely describes pure daylight, and the whole culture of his work make him an artist of perfect accomplishment who must always stand side by side with the greatest. Mr. Forbes's collection was the home of "style." From Corot and Harpignies to Fantin Latour, who is splendidly represented by the "Toilet of Cupid," to Diaz, to Monticelli, and to the young Jean François Millet, who painted "L'Amour Vainqueur," everywhere is style. The early work of Millet was Mr. Forbes's crowning possession, for it is of the rare period when Millet painted without a mission, before he had become the apostle of the fields. Here he is the votary of a gentle classic beauty and of an extreme delicacy of technique—qualities which he later renounced for the sterner merits of the "Angelus" and kindred canvases. Both Millets are found in the Grafton Galleries, for the many drawings, the possession of which would itself have made the Forbes collection notable, represent the purposeful genius of the artist who was also saint. W. M.



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The turbine "Manxman" has been built for the Midland Railway Company for their passenger service between Heysham and Belfast and the Isle of Man. The vessel was built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxims, who have adapted her engines to an excessively high steam pressure. The "Manxman" has attained a speed of 23 knots, which constitutes a record for turbine merchant-vessels. Her saloon accommodation is exceptionally ample, but there are also state rooms for night voyages.

expression was in itself a loveliness, and his brush-work was vital with delicate meaning.

If "L'Arcadie" is the most important Corot in the Forbes collection, several others are equal to it for mere beauty. Mr. Forbes's judgment was acute in the perception of beauty, a tribute which nearly every

special arrangements to dispatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station near the grand stand. Passengers will be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Victoria trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

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Baldness, Greyness, and Falling Hair

will be things almost forgotten. The history of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery has been told by the Editors

themselves in most of our great dailies: how Mr. Sims was threatened with complete loss of hair, and how, with the assistance of medical specialists of his acquaintance, he ultimately hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders. (The words in italics are Mr. Sims's to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*.) Now, do you wish to profit by Mr. Sims' experience, making

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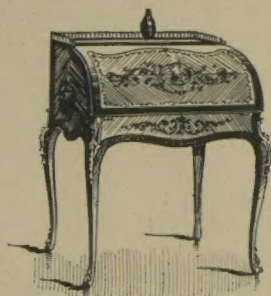
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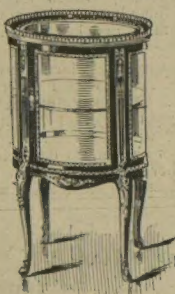
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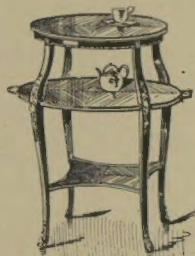
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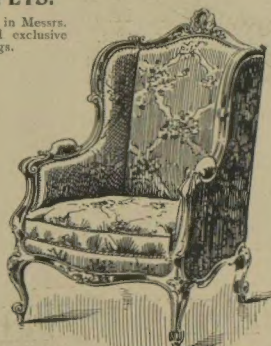
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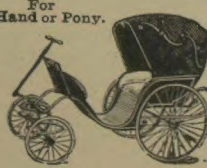


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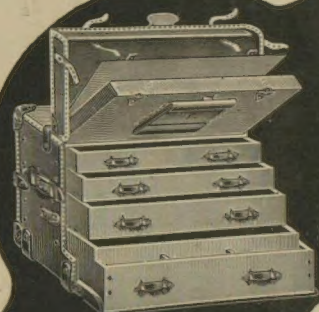
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The will (dated June 16, 1893) of LOUISA, DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN, of Coates Castle, Fittleworth, Sussex, who died on March 31, was proved on May 12 by her sons, Lord Claude Hamilton and Lord George Hamilton, the value of the property being £24,482. Her Grace gives the letters received by her from Queen Victoria and various pictures and portraits to her son, the Duke of Abercorn; a bracelet and candlestick and inkstand presented to her by the Prince and Princess of Wales to her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Abercorn; a sketch by Queen Victoria and a bracelet presented by her Majesty, to her daughter the Duchess of Buccleuch; £50 to the Rector of Baron's Court for the poor; £100 to Lady Rachel Butler; and specific gifts to her other children, the Countess of Lichfield, the Countess of Winterton, the Marchioness of Blandford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Claude Hamilton, Lord Frederick

Spencer Hamilton, and Lord Ernest William Hamilton. The residue of her property she leaves to her four younger sons.

The will of the late SIR MARK WILKS COLLET, BART., has been proved by his son, the present Baronet, his son-in-law, Mr. F. H. Norman, and his nephew, Mr. L. E. Chalmers, the estate being sworn to £450,552 1s. 1d. The testator, after giving certain pecuniary legacies and making provision for Lady Collet, divided his ultimate residue between his son and his daughter, Mrs. F. H. Norman, and her children.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1895), of DAME MARGARET FERRIE BOUCH, of 26, Kensington Palace Gardens, whose death occurred on Jan. 26, has been proved by William Bouch, the son, and George Paton Balfour, the value of the estate being £119,790. The testatrix gives her leasehold residence, with the furniture, etc., to her son, and subject thereto she leaves one-third of the whole of her property to her son, one-third in trust

for her daughter Mrs. Fanny Aitken, and one-third to the children of her deceased daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Hissey.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1894) of Mr. GEORGE RASTRICK, of Woking Lodge, Woking, and 52, Newington Causeway, solicitor, who died on April 12, was proved on May 5 by Mrs. Beatrice Caroline Letitia Rastrick, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to £87,101. The testator gives to his wife £200 and the income from all his property during her widowhood, or from one-half thereof should she again marry. Subject thereto, such property is to go to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1899) of the REV. TANFIELD GEORGE HEADLEY, of the Manor House, Petersham, Richmond, who died on Feb. 17, has been proved by Mrs. Sarah Marianne Headley, the widow, and Henry Raincock, the value of the estate being £83,456. The testator gives to his wife two policies of insurance on his

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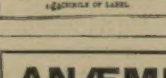
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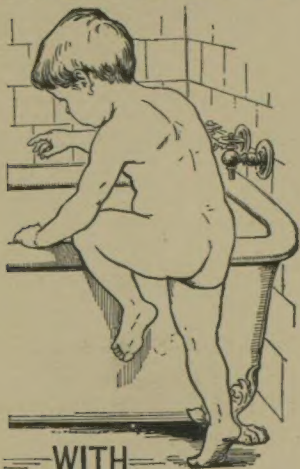
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life, and the income from certain house properties; and £2000 to his son Tanfield George. The residue of his estate he leaves to his children Lizzie, Frederick Halcombe, Edward Dore, Henry Parker, Harry, and St. John.

The will (dated March 7, 1903), with a codicil (of June 7, 1904), of MR. EDWARD BEHRENS, of The Oaks, Fallowfield, Manchester, and Bettisfield Park, Flint, who died on April 1, has been proved by his sons Walter Lionel Behrens, Oliver Philip Behrens, George Benjamin Behrens, and Richard Gompertz Behrens, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £551,311. The testator gives £160,000 to his son Walter Lionel; £500 each to his executors; and the residue of his property to his children.

The will (dated July 30, 1900), with a codicil, of MR. THEOPHILUS SANDEMAN, of 21, Bolton Gardens, and of Messrs. Sandeman, Clark, and Co., Ltd., Austin Friars, stockbrokers, whose death took place on March 22, was proved on April 28 by Mrs. Catherine Anne Sandeman, the widow, Theophilus Caldwell

Sandeman, and Edward William Sandeman, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £130,141. The testator gives £200 each to his executors; £200 each to his sisters Julia and Elizabeth, if still spinsters; the household furniture, etc., and £5000 or his leasehold residence to his wife; and £200 to Mary Magdalen Watson. The income from a sum of £20,000 invested in his business is to be paid to Mrs. Sandeman, during her widowhood, and subject thereto £3000 is to go to each of his three sons, and the remainder divided among all his children. Subject to the payment of the income from one moiety of his estate to his wife during her widowhood, he leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1898), with two codicils, of MR. CHARRINGTON NICHOLL, of Bovills Hall, Ardleigh, and of the East Hill Brewery, Colchester, who died on Feb. 7, has been proved by Adolphus Frederick Nicholl, the son, Henry Goody, and Charles Henry Sansom, the value of the estate being £117,028. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Essex and

Colchester Hospital and the Essex Hall Asylum for Idiots; £200 to his son Adolphus Frederick; £100 each to his children Percy Henry, Edward Herbert, Catherine, Emily, and Annie Elizabeth; £100 to Henry Goody; £500 to his brewery manager, Charles Henry Sansom; £500 to William Charles Miller; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1903) of MR. WILLIAM ROBERT TAYLOR, of Selby House, Granby Road, Harrogate, whose death took place on Sept. 23, has been proved by Robert Taylor, the son, and William Granville Maddison, the value of the estate being £51,495. The testator gives £250 each to his executors; and the income from the remainder of his property to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Taylor, while she remains his widow. On her decease or remarriage, the ultimate residue is to be held, in trust, for his son for life and then for his children, but should he leave no issue, then for the Newcastle-on-Tyne Royal Infirmary.

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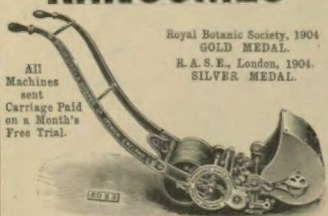
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HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair
savers.

WAYERS

Keen Cooks Know

**KEATING'S
POWDER
KILLS**

Beetles